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ADVISORY EDITOR

DR. W. R. VALENTINER

MANAGING EDITOR

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



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FIG. 1. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
Collection of Mr. Arthur Acton, Florence

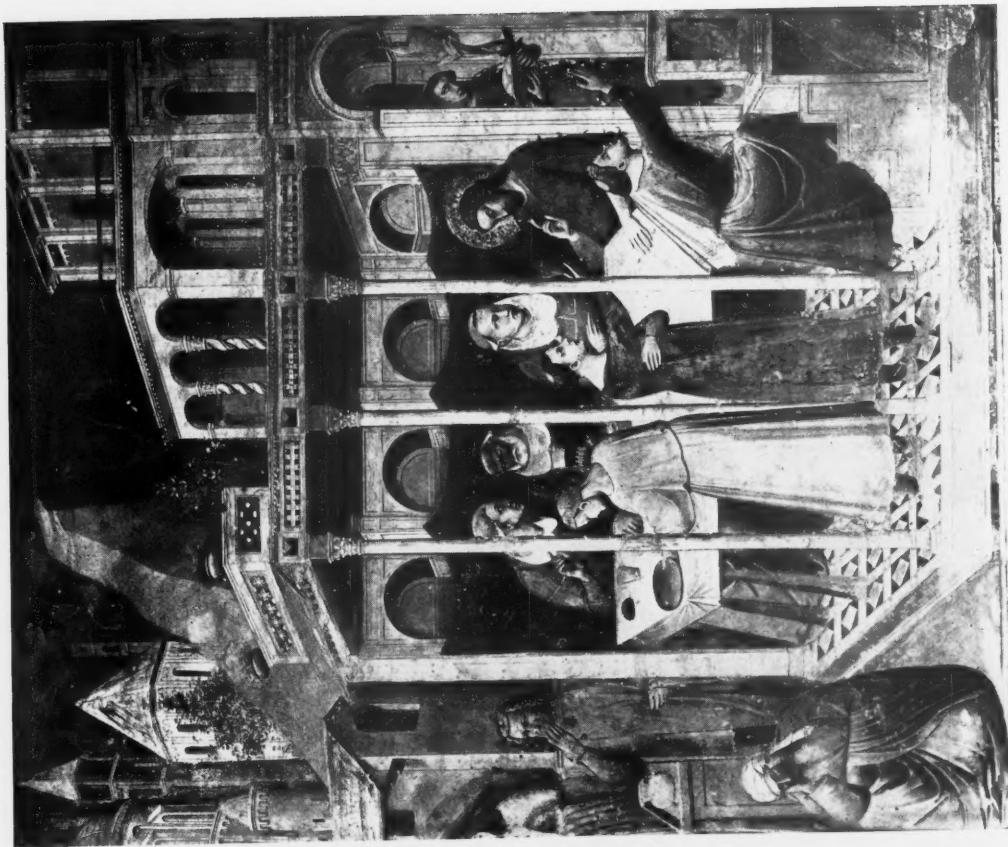
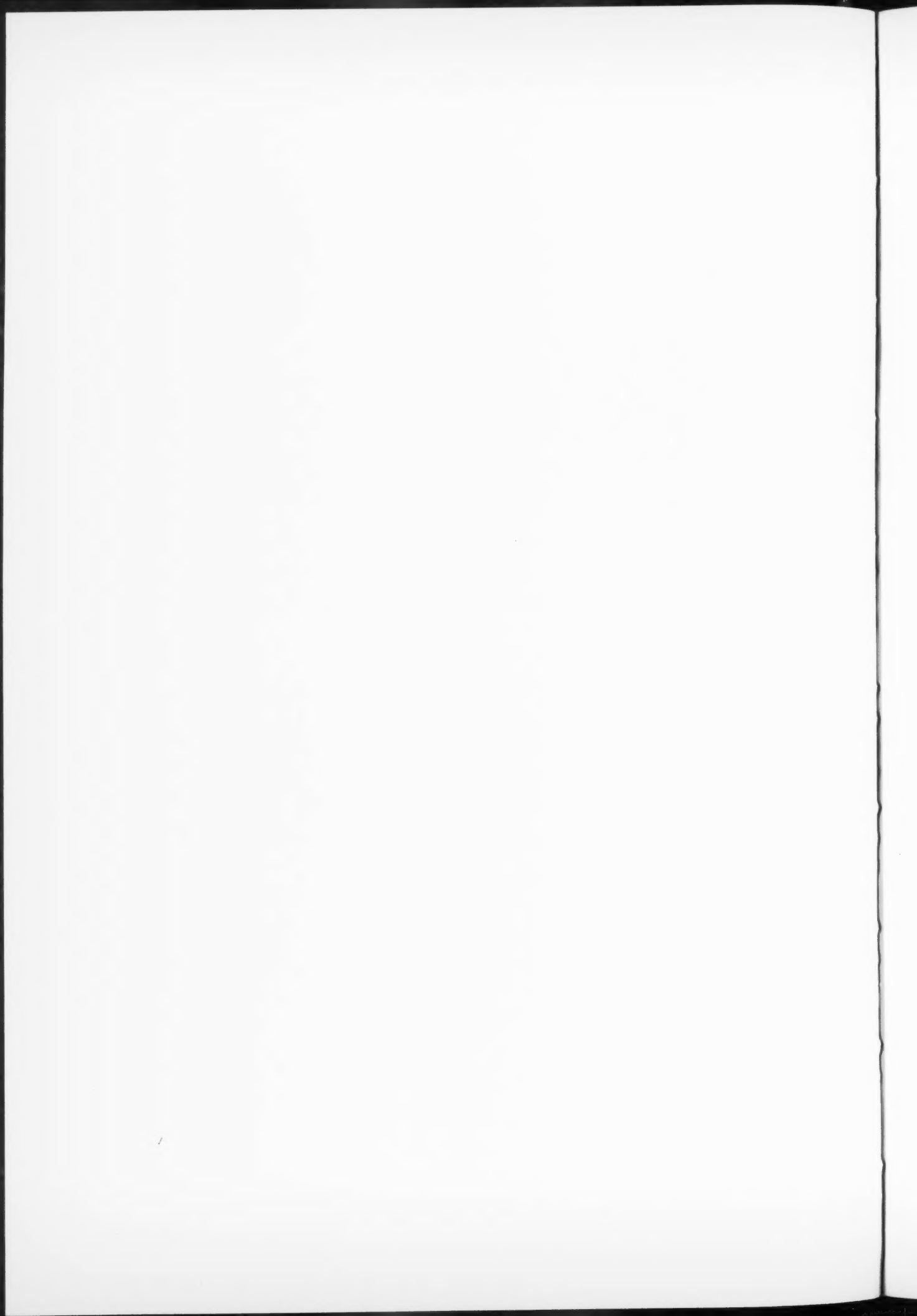
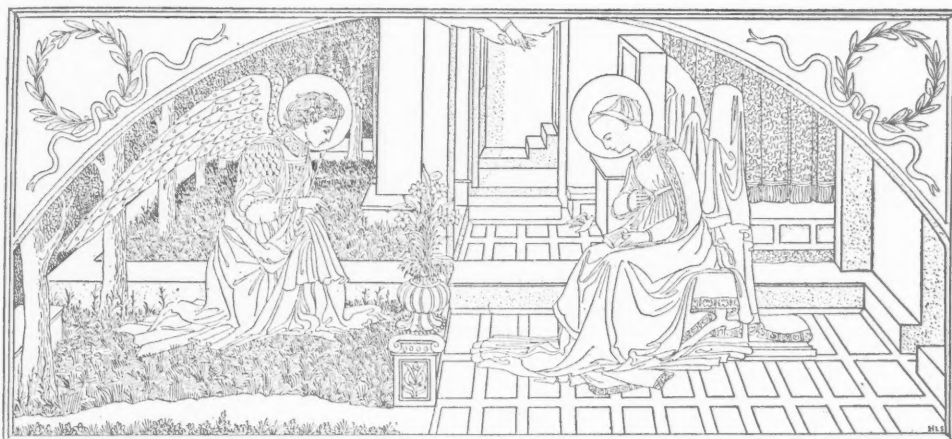


FIG. 2. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: REFECTION OF S. RANIERI
Camposanto, Pisa



ART IN AMERICA *AND ELSEWHERE*
AN ILLUSTRATED BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE
VOLUME XI . NUMBER V . AUGUST 1923



FIVE MORE PANELS BY ANTONIO VENEZIANO

SOME years ago¹ I was able to extend the oeuvre of this rare master beyond its only acceptable² limits of his Camposanto frescoes, by recognizing as his a Virgin and Child in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts which I had then hoped might help to take one from the problem to the solution of his origins. Hanging shyly under the name of Spinello Aretino,³ the discovery of its author led me instead more recently to the distinction of the same hand in three other panels, with only such disparities among them as the hypothetical intervals of time between their painting might produce. What the lengths of these intervals are, is a question in the absence of data too vain, however learnedly argued, to be seriously faced. And even the order of their painting can be assumed only on grounds of relative and unsubstantiable validity.

If by likeness to known chronologies individual evolution may be

¹*Art in America*, April, 1920, p. 99.

²Of the fragmentary frescoes in the tabernacle of the Torre degli Agli (outside Florence) enough is left to relax the incredulity with which one generally regards Vasari's attributions. But not enough to proffer the eye steeped in his work any kind of relevant evidence. The picture in S. Niccolò, Palermo, looks in the poor available reproductions like the work of a Florentine, but not of Antonio.

³Published as such by Oswald Sirén in the *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston*, vol. XIV, p. 12.

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(elliptically) said to proceed from tightness to diffusion, then one might regard Mr. Acton's Coronation (Fig. 1) the earliest of the three. Besides, a bolder swing in the line, freer postures and expression seem, by a similar principle, to put the St. James at Göttingen and the attended Virgin at Hannover into a later phase. The Coronation still harbors an idealism strenuously confined within the subjugated forms of a recent adolescence. The shape of the compartment, the cusped moulding are of a retarded fashion, and the staging of the ceremony has retained the formula and the solemnity of the Giottesque Coronation at Sta Croce painted more than a generation before. With the material difference that here the sorrowful gravity of Christ is dramatically contrasted with the demeanor of the meek Virgin. This difference, being also a departure from the bulk of contemporary Florentine representation, approximates the principle in the action to the conspicuous one in Antonio's Pisan frescoes: organization through oppositions. More specific, stylistic analogies will begin to appear if one lets one's eye carry the shape of the face of our Eternal — bulging at the top of the forehead, flat from eye to lip, pushed out at the chin — to the head of the saint in the Refection of S. Ranieri (Fig. 2) at the Camposanto in Pisa; and the shape of the Virgin's face to that of the young monk at the right of the same composition. The rude, jointless hands with the oddly attached thumbs in the Coronation reappear in the unserviceable left hands of the same figure of S. Ranieri and of the frocked youth offering him wine.

Canonically Florentine, externally Gaddesque, its crackled enamel filters the light that descends on a surface, wherein minor defacements have been well enough disguised.

On some equally humble occasion, possibly during his Pisan sojourn, Antonio painted the Virgin and Angels at Hannover (Fig. 3). Here again the Gaddesque formula stares out of an arrangement which, however, lacks the coördination of filled and empty spaces to be found in Gaddi. Instead of the hallowed hush of the Coronation each lusty soul, unconscious of its holiness, lies snug in its animal bliss and spiritual security. This change of mood, and the ways in which it manifests itself, record what an unmodulated genius like Antonio's found in the lyrical Bernardo Daddi, who becomes the tempering influence of Antonio's maturity. One will for all that, find the same stiff crooked and horny fingers here as in Mr. Acton's picture, and the



FIG. 3. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: MADONNA AND ANGELS
Kestner Museum, Hannover, Germany

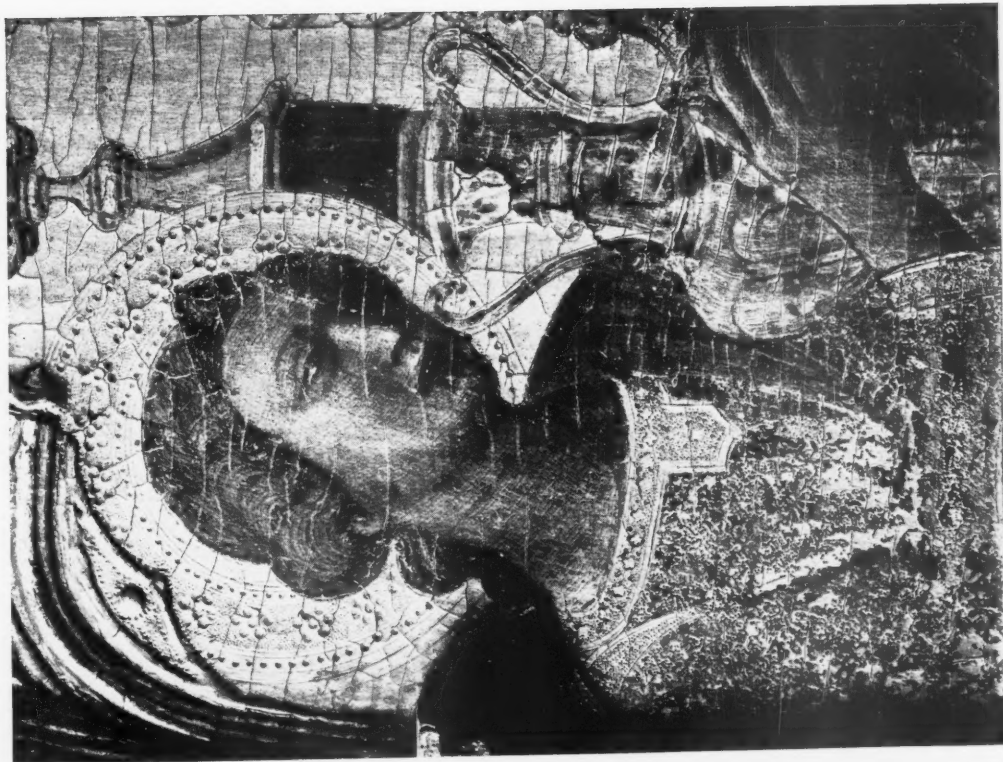
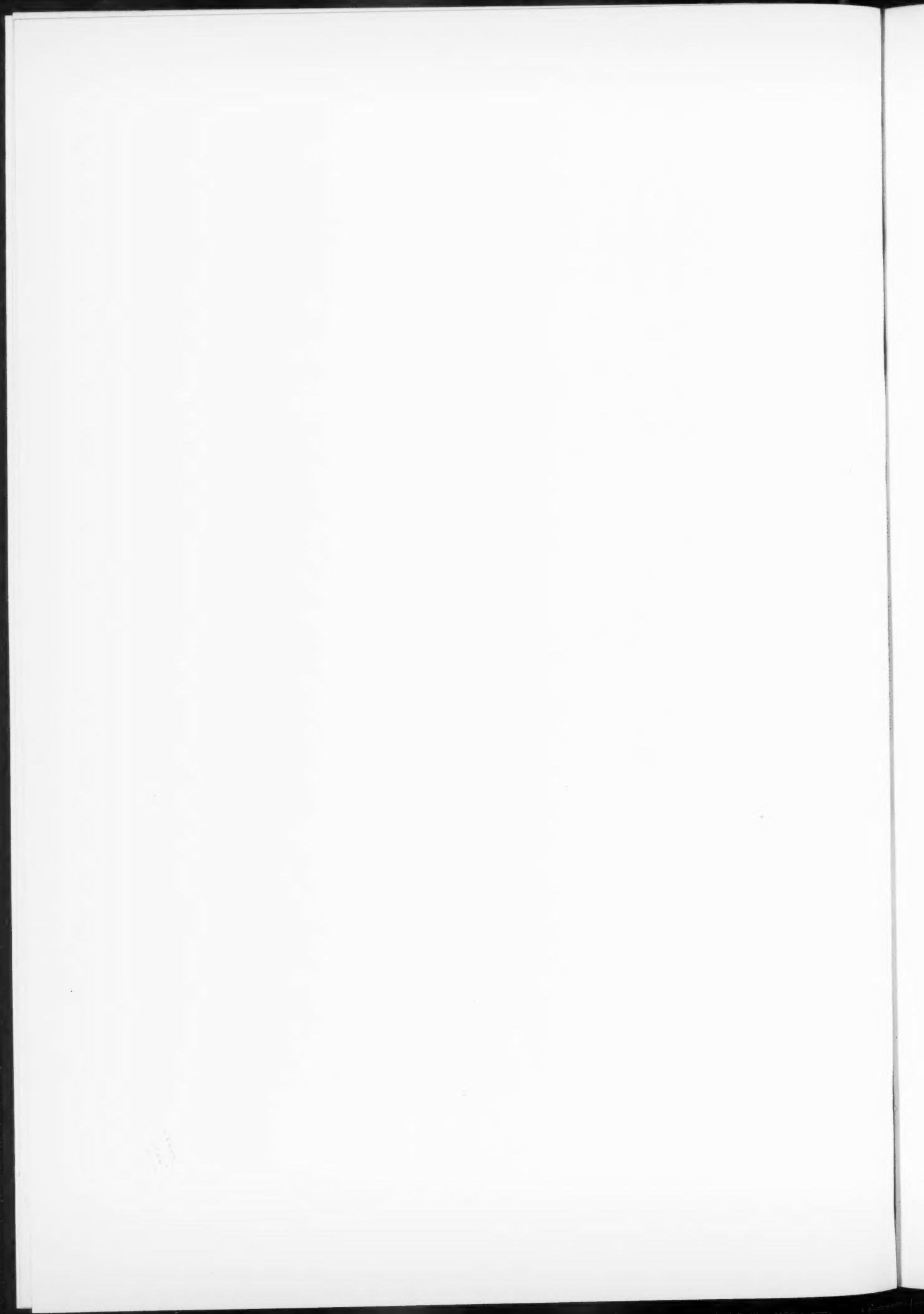


FIG. 4. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: DETAIL OF ANGEL
Kestner Museum, Hannover, Germany



square-headed Child looks out of the same eyes as his impish semblances over the bier of S. Ranieri in Pisa and in the Boston panel. Comparing these three heads shape for shape, the puffed-out cheeks, the high sloping foreheads, the round eyes and their setting — all will be found to coincide. Antonio mechanically varied his types out of a full and diversified stock to enhance the illusion of actuality, and our Virgin borrows the mask of the ecclesiastic at the saint's right in the fresco already mentioned: both heads being modelled with the same untamed sense of physical density. The upper angel (Fig. 4) on the right of the Virgin, again, simulates the monk carrying the salver at the right of the same fresco.

And yet such is the deficiency of our methods, that all confrontation like the above must remain verbal, and alien to essential analogies. For speech, whose elements are fleshless symbols (attached by arbitrary links, without correspondence, that is, to the nature of the thing they stand for) instead of individualizing its objects, allies them by relieving their principle of identity: its denominations are generic; but the objects of appearance are endlessly differentiated. And the reason for the antinomy is that if speech is the product of an inductive memory, appearance is the immediate sense-impact of concrete forms. Purely conceptual, speech accordingly cannot participate in the visual adventure with its structural implications, least when organized to form, and reproduces it only by forfeiting the differentia of such adventure — because while it may evoke an image, it cannot present its shape. More ductile than speech, appearance would require a measure of minuter, preciser, more flexible denominations to determine it at any point. In its effort, therefore, to describe stylistic or aesthetic analogies it throws itself upon the classified or practical attributes of visible forms, or upon such of their aspects as have an acknowledged kind or degree of expressibility. The proof of authorship, then, — as of anything else — reposes in the tractable, watchful and in the clairvoyant attention. And to such a one the identity of style between the Hannover Virgin and the Camposanto frescoes must be as clear, and its realization as immediate, as revelation. So great, if I may say it, is this identity, that it is relatively certain the two were painted at about the same time. In the very Pisan character of our picture — owing, it is true, rather to the traces Antonio has left in subsequent painting there than to the admission of local influences — lurks the

possibility of its having been painted in Pisa; and this surmise, if allowed the status of a fact, produces the likelihood for it of the date⁴ of the Camposanto frescoes which documents confine between 1384 and 1387.

The state of the panel representing St. James at Göttingen (Fig. 5) bestows an advantage upon it over the other two. It still bears the creamy impasto of the original pigment, and only local restorations. The head of St. James partakes of the type of S. Ranieri in *The Miracle of Separation of the Wine from the Water* (Fig. 6), and of the grey-beard who leans a face towards him, in pose and mien repeating ours. The left hand with the arched thumb will not startle one to dissent if one will try to recollect the hands at the extreme right of the *Refectory* of S. Ranieri. The appealing glance, the suffused sentiment are Antonio's own.⁵ The less formal pose, the large and loose treatment, the mildness of expression, would tend to put its painting at the end of our series.

Be this, then as conjectured, the last, and Mr. Acton's the earliest of Antonio's known works, this small group,⁶ together with the previously published Boston panel, substantiate the evidence of the Camposanto frescoes: his Gaddesque training, his Daddesque sympathies, his loyalty to the externals of Florentine tradition.⁷

A conspicuously uniform mood separates the Hannover, Göttingen and Boston panels from the severer monumental frescoes at Pisa. They relieve a tendency present but less evident there, opening upon a more intimate corner of Antonio's genius and confessing, without equivocation, his Daddesque attachment. Criticism has hitherto allowed his documented collaboration with Vanni in Siena to explain this mood, but if Antonio was in any way affected by Siennese influence it will have been by way of a taste tempered by Daddi.

⁴See Crowe and Cavalcaselle (Ed. Murray) vol. II, p. 281, n. 2; Vasari (Ed. Sansoni) vol. I, p. 663, n. 6; Venturi, vol. V, p. 915. Dates of the Pisan frescoes were first published by Ciampi, *Notizie Inedite*, etc.

⁵This attractive figure brings to mind (rather than Paolo Uccello whom Vasari derives from Antonio) Lorenzo Monaco; and the two medallions above it, his only extant miniatures, are also unique among his works for their very Siennese character.

⁶There is no way of telling whether any of these made part of the altarpiece painted for the Pisan Duomo in 1386-7 (Crowe and Cavalcaselle, vol. II, p. 287).

⁷Vasari's affirmation that Antonio was a pupil of Agnolo Gaddi is proved unlikely by their contemporaneity. As Antonio is mentioned together with the older Andrea Vanni as his collaborator in 1369, it is probable he was even Agnolo's senior. Again Venturi (*Storia dell'Arte Italiana*) vol. V, p. 915, sees in the Camposanto frescoes the influence of Giotto rather than of Taddeo Gaddi, and tendencies manifest in the Veronese Altichiero. Venturi would like to respect the ancient tradition of Antonio's origins. But Antonio is too Florentine to be "Giottesque" so late in the century, let alone Veronese; or Siennese as Cavalcaselle would have one think, even in the qualified sense in which these influences are assumed.



FIG. 5. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: ST. JAMES
University Gallery, Göttingen, Germany



FIG. 6. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: MIRACLE OF SEPARATION OF THE WINE FROM THE WATER (DETAIL)
Campolanto, Pisa

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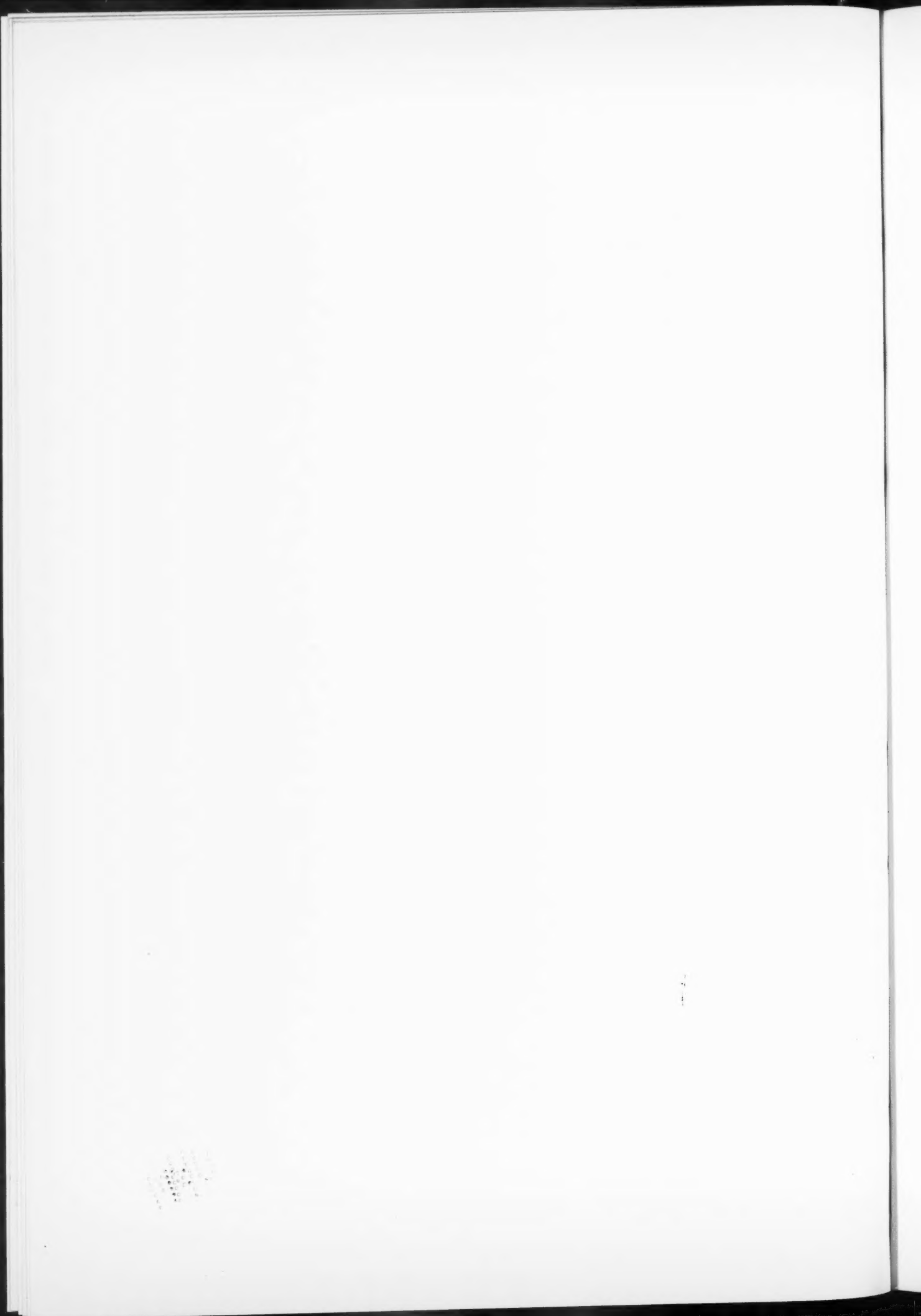
FIG. 7. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: ST. PAUL
Collection of Mr. Charles Loeser, Florence



ANTONIO VENEZIANO: MADONNA AND CHILD
The Museum of Fine Art, Boston, Mass.



FIG. 8. ANTONIO VENEZIANO: ST. PETER
Collection of Mr. Charles Loeser, Florence



Antonio's *form* reveals itself through Gaddesque *figures*, and the make, the scale, the patriarchal state of his characters and his sprawling compositions, record the persistent fashion and influence of Taddeo Gaddi's gloomy and pompously austere decorations. The hands, the streaked hair, the heads are drawn from the traditional stock in Taddeo's shop and following, and they betray more clearly, because more explicitly than his composition, the way he had come. But in his romantic fantasy and in his tendencies he varied from Taddeo: by his temperament he stood in closer affinity to the lyrical Daddi. Not as conclusive in effect nor as concentrated as either, he boastfully professes a greater freedom, and abundance. His action is contrasted, vigorously characterized and illusionistic. He deploys his compositions over vast wall-spaces wherein the scattering of sudden movement of wrapt and wandering attention in juxtaposed and emphatic opposition, simulate the chance, varied and shifting disarray of life; the life of a quick and hardy race, magnified to heroic scale, and moving in a panorama of soaring cyclopean cities.

Narrowly Florentine in his artistic origins Antonio, who seems to have worked considerably away from Florence, represents the failing sense of Giottesque plasticity, which was disintegrating even more rapidly on Florentine ground. His plasticity is limited in being quantitative: and determined to a desultory, collective rather than an intense vision of nature; but it flourishes everywhere a rude energy — an energy of the blood. He is a romantic realist who abhors the abstractions of Florentine form and the concision of Florentine composition. Through a less detached — it may be, if we believe Vasari, a Venetian — temperament, he sees a more vital unity in the swarming variety of life, and a deeper mystery in its unarrested flow.

While the manuscript of these notes was adventuring the high seas, two panels, representing the Saints Paul and Peter, (Figs. 7 and 8) identical in shape and dimensions which are $43\frac{1}{2} \times 29\frac{1}{2}$ cms), with the same embossed course of cusped arches following the curved edge of the wood, painted by the same hand, belonging, consequently, to the same polyptych, turn up in Florence at a visiting English dealers, and pass, even as I write these lines, into the collection of Mr. Charles Loeser.

My eye is at once struck by the identity of these courses and that of the Boston Virgin. I, then, note that the halos of the Saints and the borders of their draperies differ from those of the Virgin only by being

properly less elaborate. In view of the stylistic analogies, these external coincidences carry us to the conclusion that the two Saints stood right and left of the Virgin in the original three-leaved — or, even possibly, five-leaved — polyptych. Let no one be astonished by the fact that the central panel measures 58.7 x 39.4 cms.: The relative sizes of the three parts represent a not uncommon ratio.

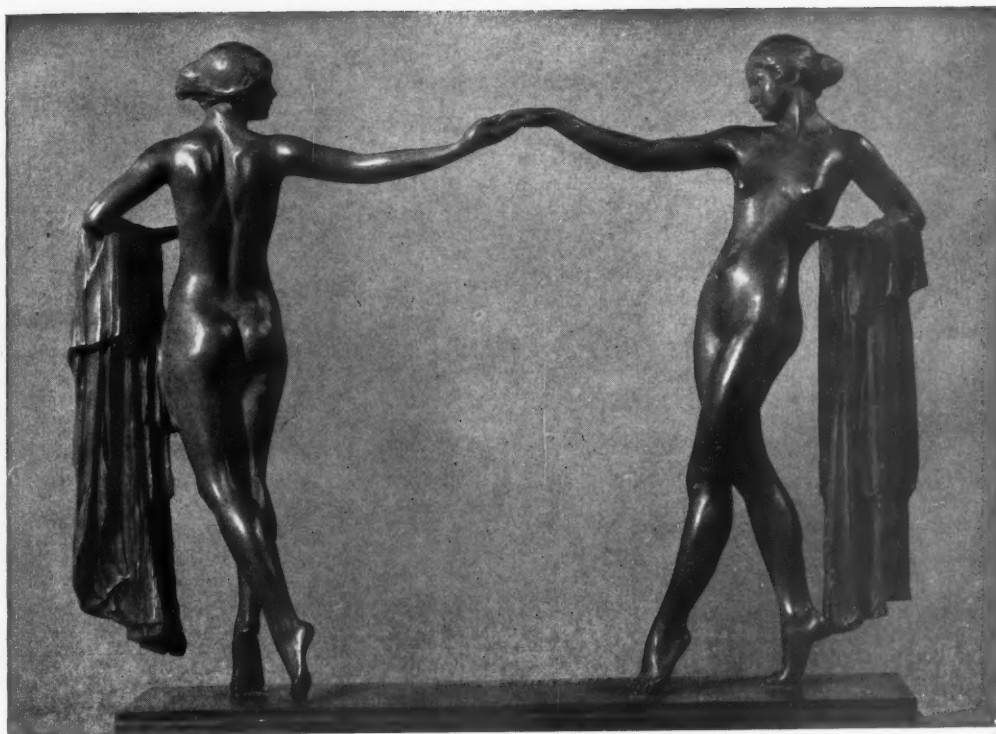
What, now, are these “stylistic analogies”? For those who have followed the argument in the body of the text, the identity of Peter’s left hand and those of the Madonna; of the eyes of the Child and those of St. Peter, will serve only as explicit and demonstrable correspondencies among essential similarities of construction and fracture which run through the three panels. For those who have not, it will be hard to agree that the touch and the texture are the same, and that the integrated triptych — or partly integrated polyptych — is by Antonio Veneziano.

Richard Offner.

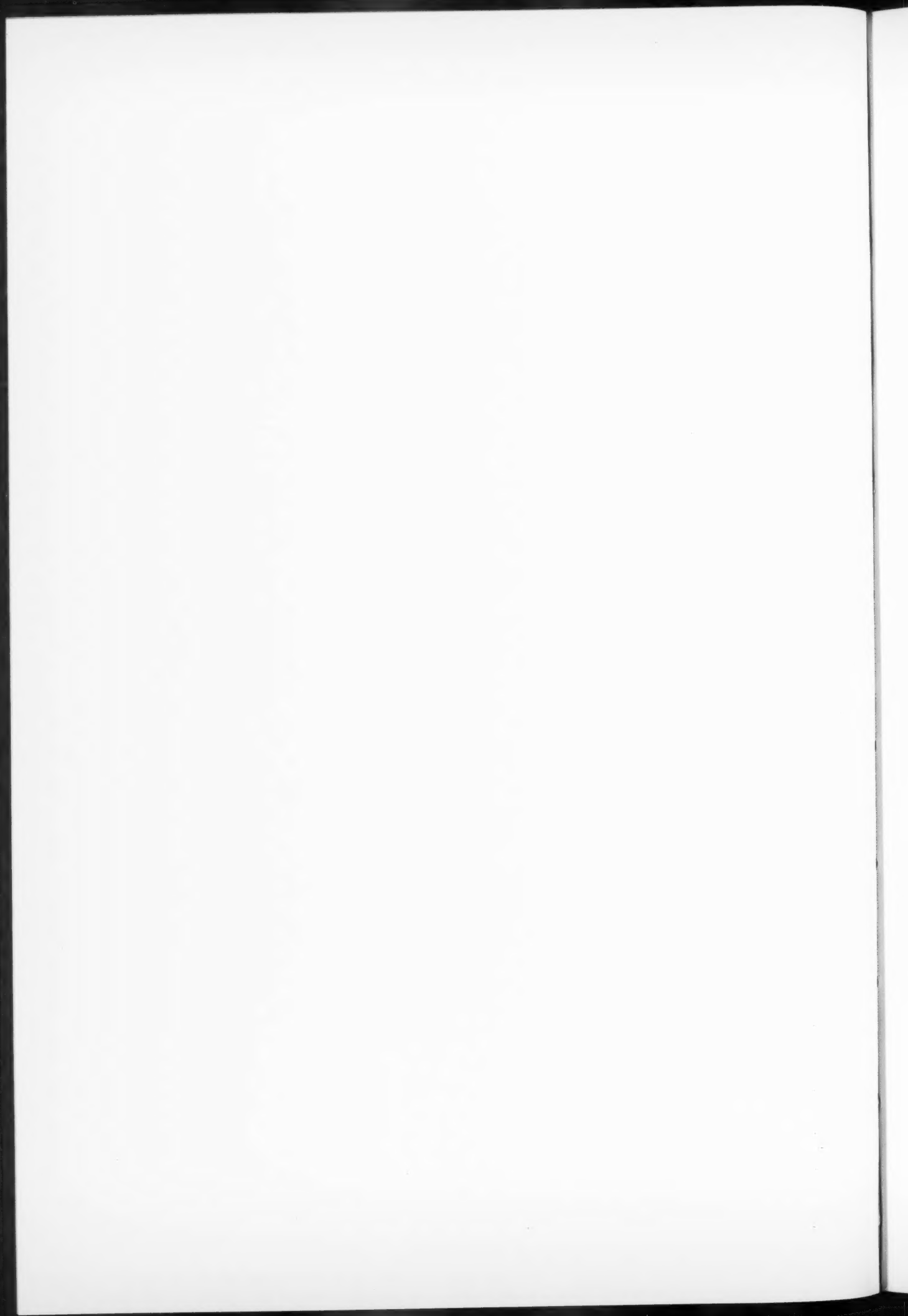
MARIO KORBEL’S “ANDANTE”

*What music in these limbs of maids as straight
As saplings, green and golden, in the spring!
Their outstretched hands but touch to part again
As music does; their very bodies sing.
Slim youth that curves and moulds them knows no rest,
But reaching out, full stately treads its dance,
Unaltered in its hopes, sure of a goal,
Yet winged for chance.*

Katherine Stanley-Brown —



MARIO KORBELL: ANDANTE



CASSONE PICTURES IN AMERICA

PART ONE

IN the Henry E. Huntington Collection, in New York, there are two narrow long Italian pictures of the fifteenth century, ($15\frac{1}{2} \times 41\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres, = $6\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{1}{3}$ inches,) which have already been discussed in this Magazine, (Jan., 1913) by F. J. Mather, Jr., but which we wish to take up once more, in order to interpret what is represented in these very peculiar pictures.

Cassone pictures have mostly been attached to marriage-coffers. This article of furniture, which contained the bride's trousseau, linen, books, and gold, stood at the foot of the marriage-bed, and was intended to keep alive the memories of home and youth-time, wedding-day and young love, in the chamber wherein the new generation should be conceived and born. What was more natural than to choose for representation stories which illustrated the sway of Amor, and portrayed the impulses of longing human hearts under extraordinary circumstances? The young gentlemen and ladies in the Florentine and Sienese society of that time were quite familiar with ancient mythology, with the legendary treasures and golden utterances of the classic age, so that they understood these mythological tales and romantic fables better than does our own generation, which is so far removed from the myths. There were books in which the most striking of the ancient tales and legends were collected, and priests used these books to spice their afternoon sermons. It is such a tale that is illustrated in both Mr. Huntington's pictures, already correctly credited, by Mather, to the Sienese artist Matteo di Giovanni (Figs. 1 and 2).

Plutarch, in his life of Demetrius, relates that Seleucus I, surnamed Nikator, (Conqueror,) when an elderly man took in second marriage Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes. Her stepson Antiochus, her husband's son by his first marriage, had fallen in love with her, but had bravely concealed his feelings, and said nothing, even when he had taken his bed with love-sickness. The physician Erasistratus did not understand what ailed his feverish patient, until, one day, he was just taking the heir-apparent's pulse, when the beautiful young step-mother came into the room. Then the shrewd man knew from the throbbing of the pulse the cause of the illness. He spoke with Seleucus,

Translated by Prof. Wm. C. Lawton

and the father brought himself to the point of giving up the young wife to his son.

This theme is a favorite one in seventeenth century art. It contrasts with the tale of Phaedra, which was a favorite from the time of Racine. Who could remain unmoved, to see a pallid young prince lying ill in his bed, and beside him, unsuspecting, the anxious beautiful young bride with her aged husband? The young Goethe was powerfully affected by a picture by Celesti in Frankfort. He gives an account of it in *Wilhelm Meister* (I, 17): "How distressed I was for another youth who must lock in his own breast the sweet impulse which is our fairest heritage bestowed upon us by Nature, hide within him the fire that should have warmed and enlivened him, so that his innermost self is consumed with bitter agony. How I pitied the unhappy girl, who must devote herself to another, when her heart had already found the worthy object of its true and pure desire!" Nor had the theme been forgotten in the nineteenth century. At Chantilly there is a fine picture by Ingres, called "Stratonice", quite in accordance with the taste of the scene-painting of the Odéon theater.

Besides Mr. Huntington's picture, I am acquainted with a second representation of Stratonice from the fifteenth century in the Cluny Museum at Paris. It is Florentine, in the style of Benozzo Gozzoli. In it, as the end of the tale, Seleucus' death is included.

The Parisian cassone picture is a pendant to a second one, which takes its subject from the *Georgica Romanorum*, chapter XIII. It is the story of the two serpents, the King's death being destined to follow that of the one, the Queen's of the other. The King has the former killed, so that his wife may live and bear many children. A story, then, which quite like the tale of Stratonice glorifies the blessing of children.

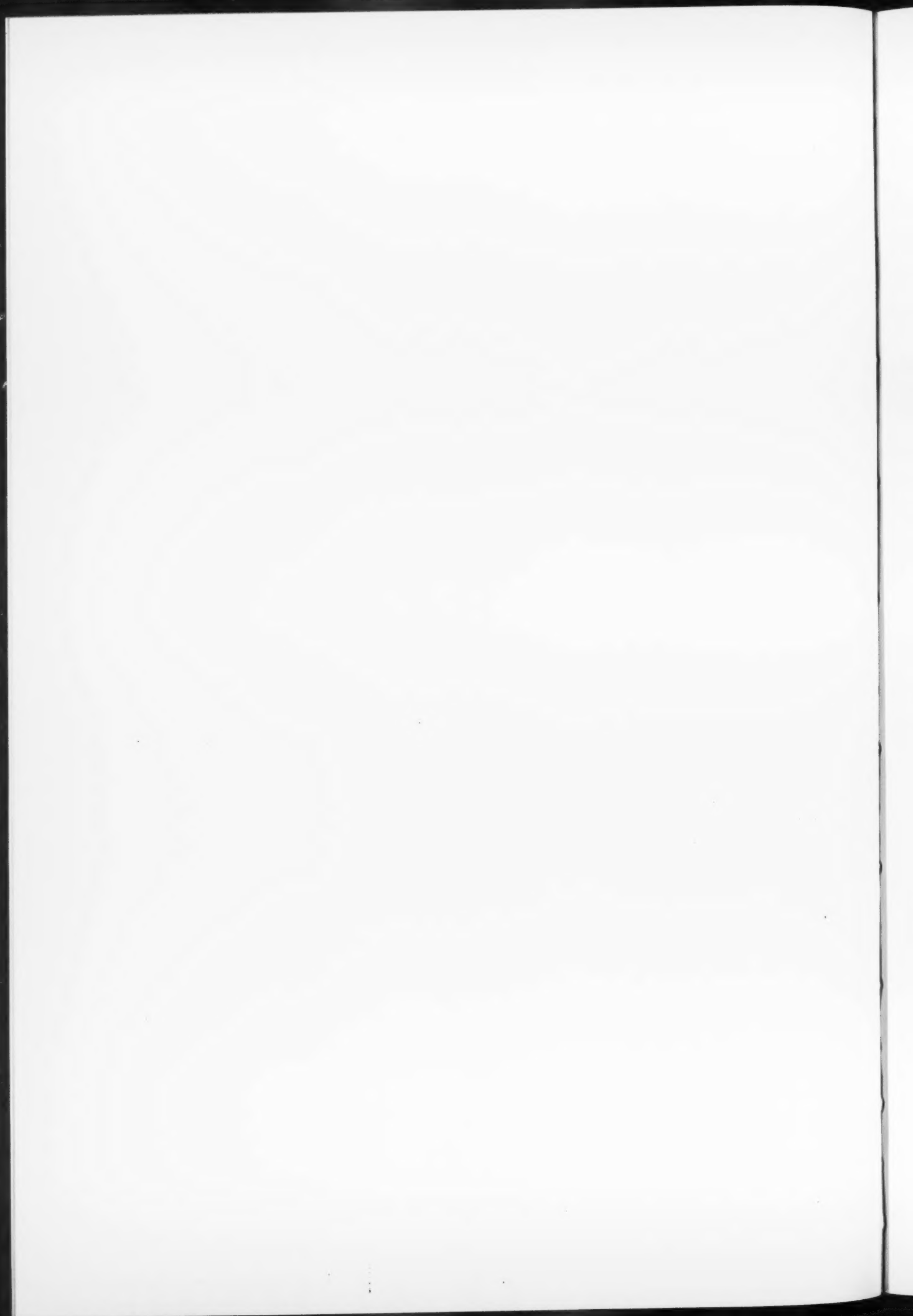
Matteo Giovanni divides the Stratonice story into six episodes. First, the bedchamber, with the heir-apparent lying ill, the physician, and Stratonice just approaching the bed. The decoration of the painted bed is charming; a Madonna hangs on the wall. In the next picture Seleucus is walking with his bride before the gates of Babylon. The physician approaches the royal pair and begs to speak with the King. The physician recounts all the reasons which should move the King to renunciation. The second panel brings the accomplishment. The old King gives youth over to youth. Next follows the wedding dance in the richly decorated palace courtyard, where the marble columns are, of course, not of the Assyrian but the Sienese type. Last is



FIG. 1. MATTEO DI GIOVANNI: STORY OF STRATONICE I
Collection of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, New York



FIG. 2. MATTEO DI GIOVANNI: STORY OF STRATONICE II
Collection of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, New York



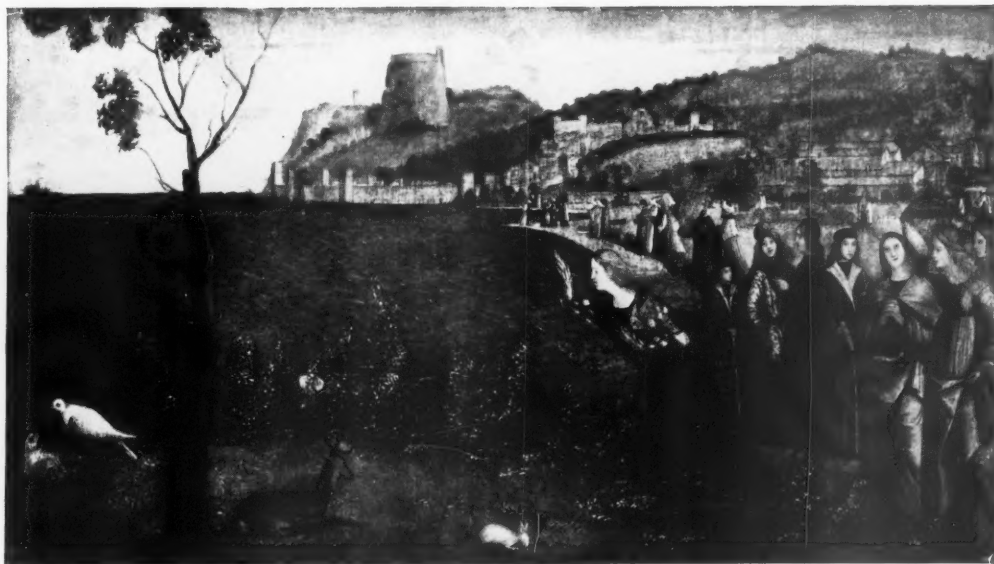


FIG. 3. CARPACCIO: STORY OF ALCYONE
The John G. Johnson Collection, Philadelphia

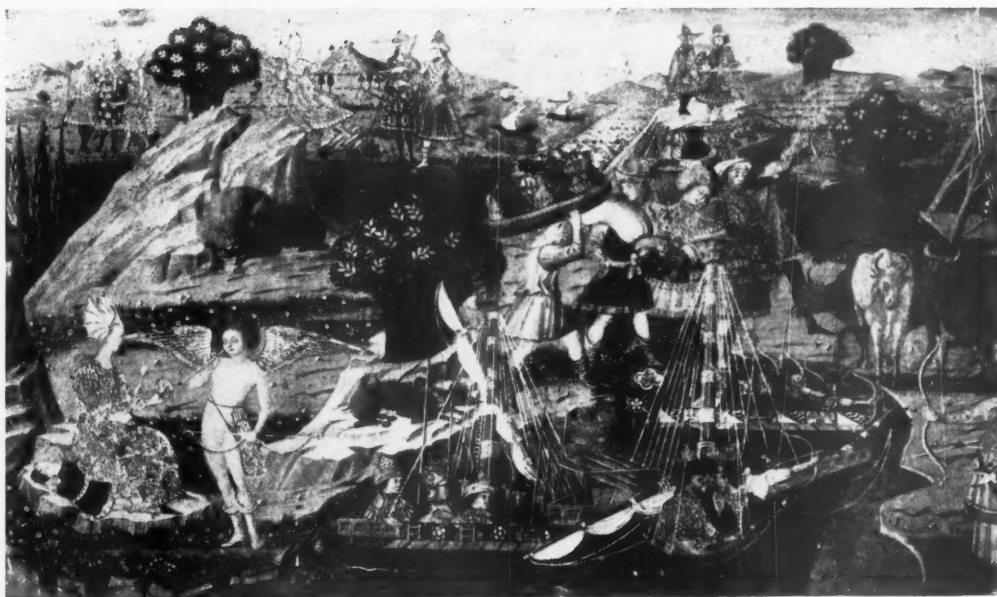


FIG. 4. THE DIDO MASTER: LANDING OF ÆNEAS IN AFRICA
Kestner Museum, Hannover

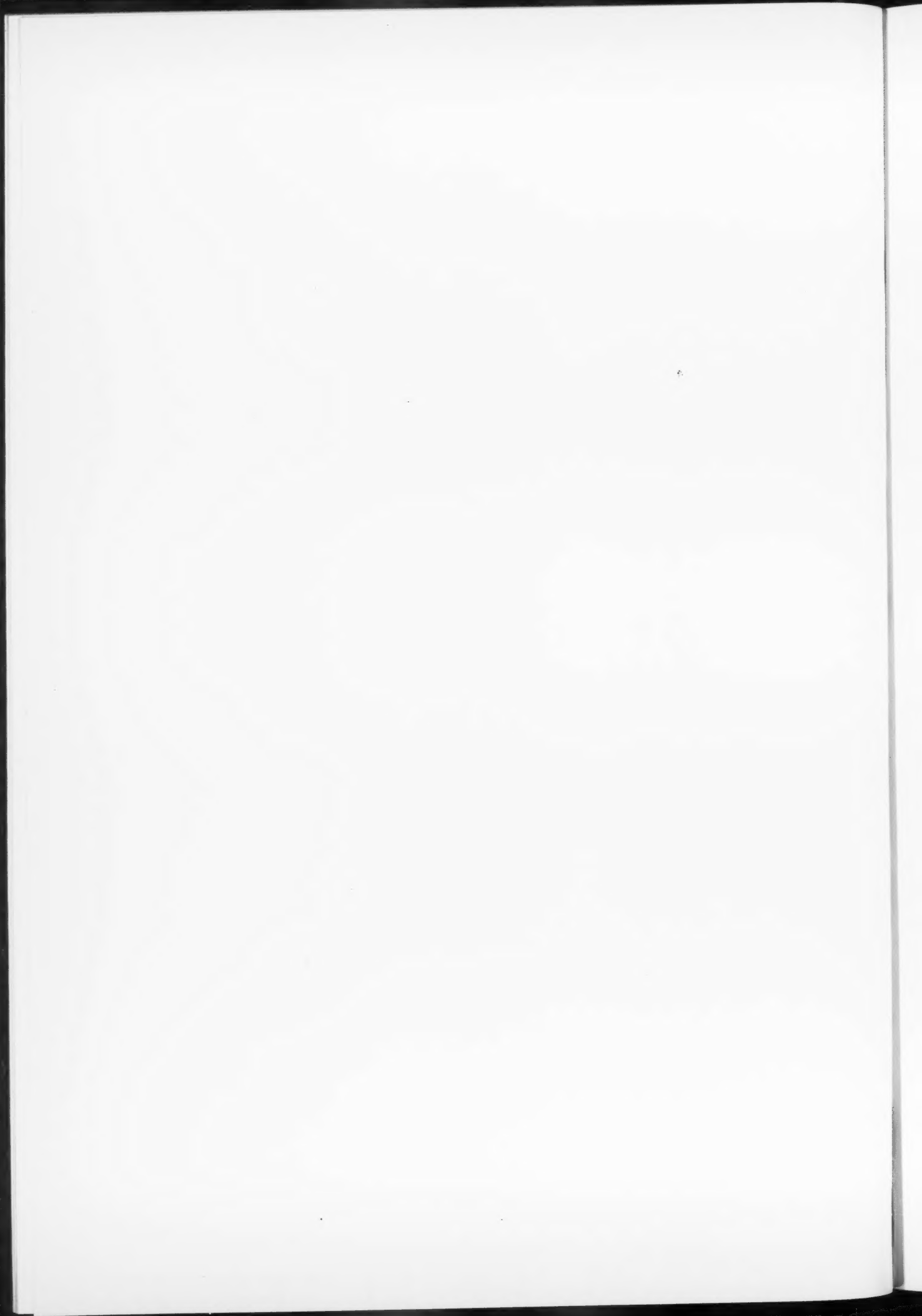




FIG. 5. THE DIDO MASTER: ÆNEAS AND DIDO IN CARTHAGE
Kestner Museum, Hannover



FIG. 6. THE DIDO MASTER: BANQUET IN CARTHAGE
Kestner Museum, Hannover

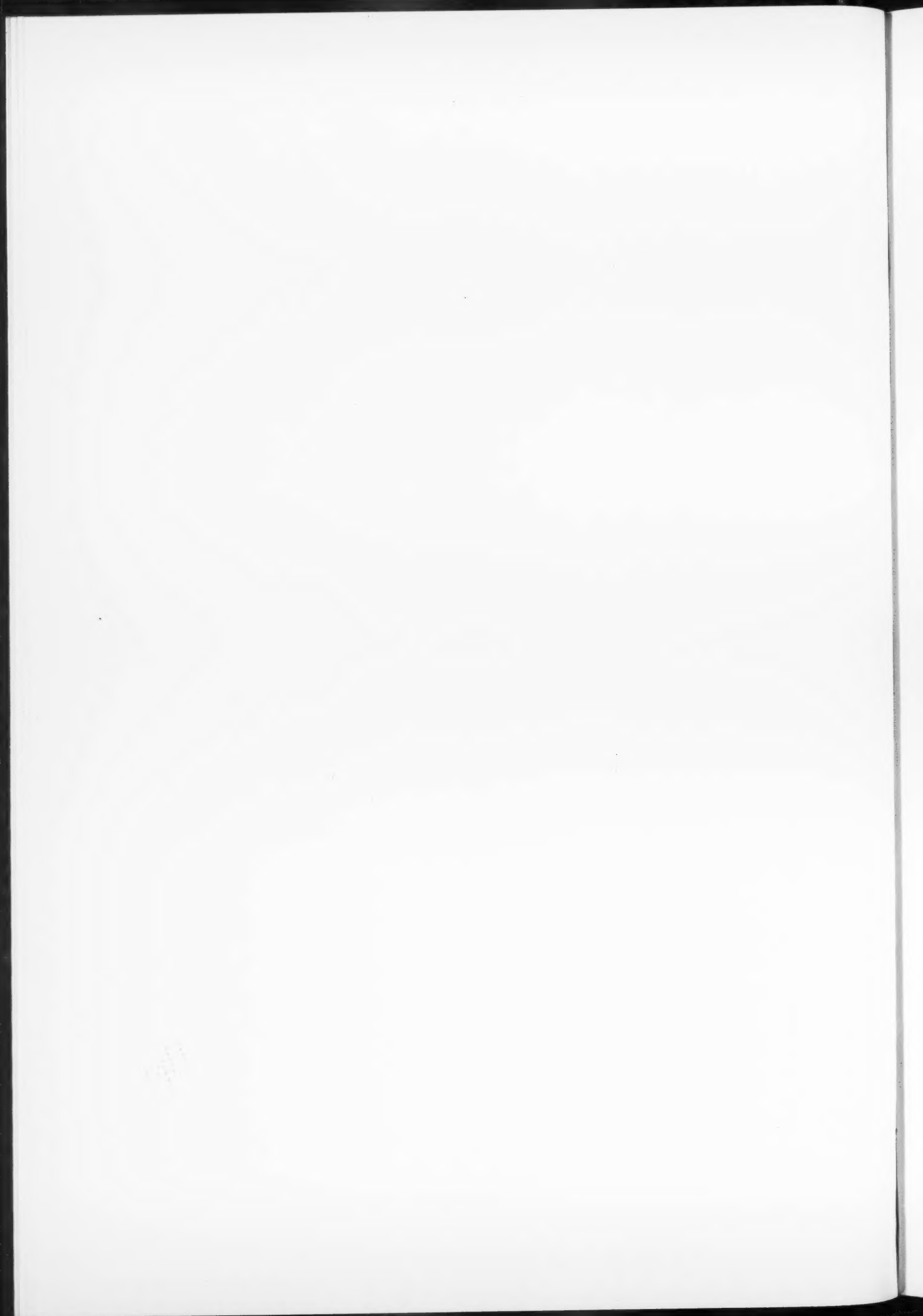




FIG. 7. PUPIL OF PESCELLINO: STORY OF JASON
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

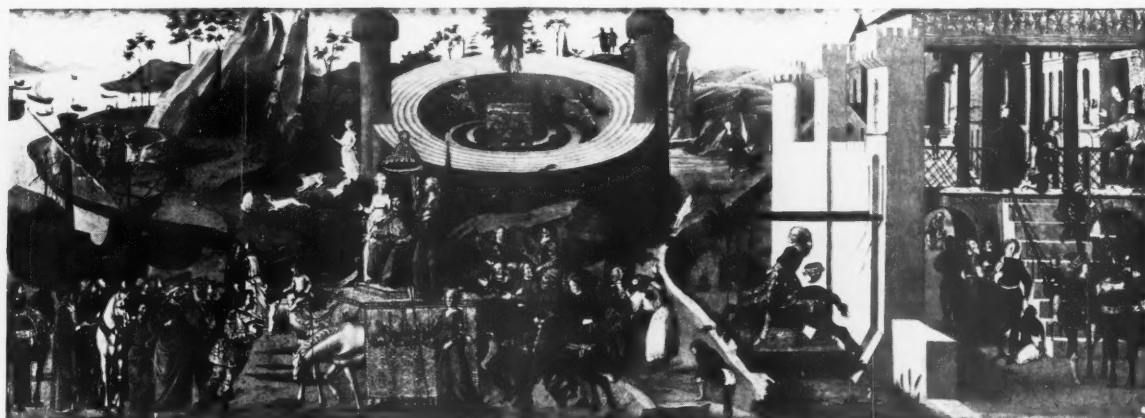
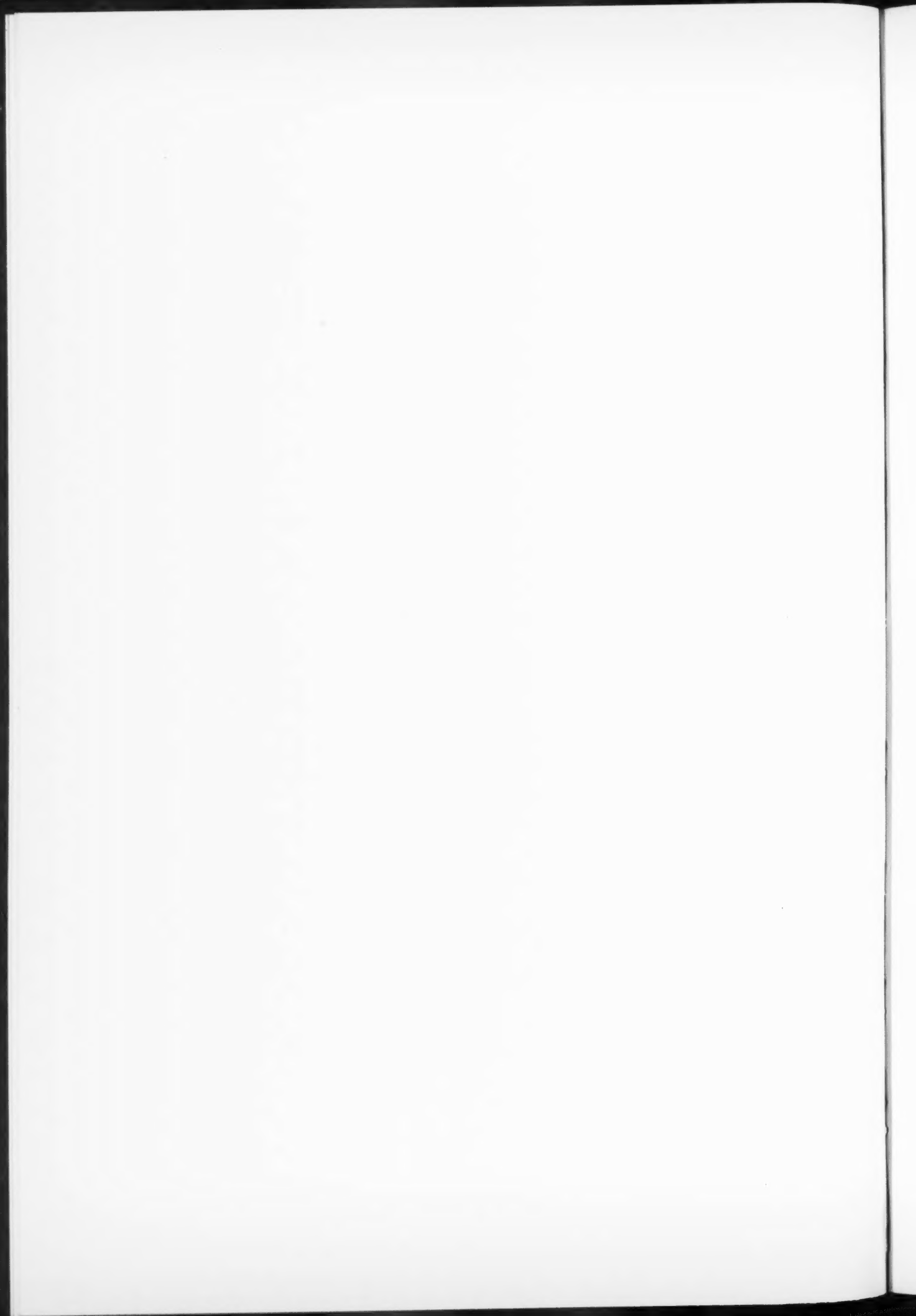


FIG. 8. PUPIL OF PESCELLINO: STORY OF JASON
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



the scene in the bridal chamber, where no invalid heir-apparent lies in the bed, but a right vigorous one is offering sweetmeats to his bride, who sits at table with three court ladies. Stratonice points her finger to her forehead: "How could I have been so foolish as to accept the old man at first?"

Grace and simplicity, roguish suggestion together with serious thoughtfulness, leave all these scenes aglow in the clear light of the present. It was not unjustifiable for the Italians to transplant these old legends of the Orient to the Arno and into their own palaces. They felt themselves to be the classic inheritors of antiquity, the more as Æneas was regarded as their ancestor, but yet as Aphrodite's son. Since the humanistic circles of the early Renaissance,—women as well as men,—were so at home in mythology and legend, these stories, painted by the artist for the wedding-day were not only at once understood, but brought happiness and good cheer.

Among the forty known cassone-pictures now in America, a number have to do with ancient tales. One especially rare piece of work is a picture by Vittore Carpaccio, in the collection of J. G. Johnson in Philadelphia, which according to Berenson is intended to represent "Alcyone and Keyx": but more probably the story of Phaeton (Fig. 3). This was a favorite tale in Venice; for the river Eridanus, into which Phaeton falls, is no other than the Po. The grove of the Heliades, who are thereafter transformed into poplar trees, is still pointed out to the south of Venice. Phaëtusa is in our picture just changing into a poplar; her sisters Lampetia and Phoebe stand on the right, as yet unmetamorphosed. The dead Phaeton lies behind the willows in the water.¹ As is well known, the legend of Phaeton had been revived afresh by Dante's passage, *Paradiso* XVII, 1 ff. Just as Phaeton of old passionately appealed to his father Helios for recognition as a son, so Dante questions his ancestor Caeciaguida as to his own destiny. Elsewhere in the *Commedia*, also, Phaeton is often mentioned (*Inferno* XXVII 107; *Purgatorio* IV 72; XXIX 119, *Paradiso* XXXI 125). One of the best Dante-students of his time, Michael Angelo, depicted Phaeton's fall.

Of especial interest, historically as well as artistically, are both the two tablets of the Jarves collection in New Haven which relate the

¹Dr. Schubring takes for granted that the picture is a direct illustration to Ovid's account of Phaeton's fall, *Metamorphoses*, Bk. 2, vss. 1-400. The Heliades are nymphs, daughters of the Sun God, and so sisters of Phaeton. The names which Dr. Schubring assigns to three figures in the painting are actually mentioned by Ovid. — *Translator*.

story of Æneas and Dido. They have already been discussed by Mather, Huelsen, and Mary Logan. On account of these pictures and three tablets on the same subject in Hanover, which we reproduce in detail (Figs. 4, 5 and 6), I have called the painter of them "The Dido-Master." He was active in Florence about 1445, and his wooden tablets, in their composition, follow closely throughout certain miniature illustrations of an Æneid which is in the possession of the Riccardiana at Florence. Here, then, we can follow accurately the process of development of these *cassoni*. The ancient text is rewritten, and adorned with miniatures, by a copyist who can also paint. Then these become the proto-types for the coffer-pictures. There was at that time more than one Florentine who knew the Æneid by heart, just as today there are Italians who know the whole *Commedia*: and in the entire Æneid there is no scene fitter for a wedding picture than the story of Dido and the protection which Venus assures to her son in Africa. So arises an abundance of incidents: Juno asks Æolus to raise a storm, to prevent the landing in Africa: The storm and the "Quos ego—":² the landing of Æneas and Achates in Libya, and the appearance of Venus:—these are the episodes of the first tablet. On the second comes, first, the stag-hunt, then Æneas and Dido meet in the castle at Carthage: the landing in Latium, the marvel of the sow, and the founding of Rome. The central thought is that all this befalls the hero under Venus' protection, against which even Juno's wrath is ineffectual. "Oh that the young couple, also,"—such is the underthought,—“for whom these coffers are painted, may always abide under Venus' protection.”

To be sure, in these pictures of ancient sea-voyages and landings, another motif plays its part: delight in adventure. As the student later in life loves to decorate his room with reminders of his undergraduate years, so these old pictures of travel are intended to allure their possessor back to the time of roving youth, which is now ended by his marriage. Along with Æneas, Odysseus and Jason are the favorite heroes. The story of Jason is presented on both the precious tablets in the Metropolitan Museum, which were originally in the Palazzo Torrigiani at Florence (Figs. 7 and 8). The painter seems to us to have been a pupil of Pescellino, active about 1470. Dr. Weisbach has already written fully on these pictures. The first tablet has to do with Jason's farewell to Pelias, the preparations for departure, and the boar-hunt; Orpheus, Chiron, Hylas and Hercules. On the second tablet the Argo

²These two words are quoted from the speech of Neptune in quelling the storm. — *Translator*.

lands in Kolchis, King Æetes with his daughters Medea and Chalciope come to meet the stranger. There follows the request for the golden fleece, the sowing of the dragon's teeth, the iron men, the theft of the fleece with Medea's aid, finally the return to Iolkos and the scene with Pelias' daughters. The youthful hero is entangled by the malice of men in many adventures; the maiden's love rescues him in marvelous wise. The Odyssey is often represented in coffer-pictures, in the same spirit, as a series of adventures:—but America possesses no picture of the kind. The finest are in Vienna, in the possession of Count Lanckowski, there is one in Liverpool, and two Umbrian examples, formerly ascribed to Pollaiuolo, are in the hands of London art-dealers.

Paul Schubring

THE GREAT TRANSITIONAL ARTISTS OF THE MODERN EPOCH — VAN GOGH

Translation by Catherine Beach Ely

THE impressionists are today in disrepute with the modern schools which in common with Cézanne have set themselves the task of discovering beneath forms and changing colors "the essence" of forms and "the essence" of colored aspects. Artists intent upon this kind of research which assumes with many a character of intolerant abstraction were bound to be horrified by the capricious manifestations of impressionistic painting. They not only deny to this art any consistency, but even any tradition whatever. They forget that Dégas proved that impressionism could unite with the tradition of line and that a pupil of Ingres could without betrayal be an impressionist.

We find this taste for ostracism at the beginning of every new school. The impressionists were as hard upon their predecessors as their successors are upon them.

History will make the ultimate decision. And just as in asking herself if an impressionistic artist may maintain a connection with tradition and line, History found Dégas, so in asking herself if an impressionistic artist may be able to anticipate the actual research for volume and secure the affiliation between the school of color and the new school of interior lines, she will find Van Gogh.

Van Gogh was an impressionist, the most impetuous, perhaps, and

the most violent of the impressionists. But his nature, his temperament, his antecedents caused him to superimpose upon pure color the base of impressionistic art, such effort and such condensation, that as a result the innermost force, the essential framework of faces and landscapes, have been projected through color to the surface, sketching spontaneously that which in the work of today constitutes so many laborious and calculated compositions.

Van Gogh, born in Brabant, in 1853, came of a family of pastors and even of bishops. The evangelical spirit profoundly stamped his childhood. His bad health prevented him from continuing to study to be a pastor himself. But having been successively placed as salesman at Goupil's in Paris, as professor of French with a pastor at Ramsgate, as library employee at Dordrecht, everywhere he showed such troublesome austerity and in the money matters which were put under his supervision a humanitarianism so generous that from that time it seemed that his idealism would never be compatible with any positive career.

That is just the way it turned out. He had attacks of mysticism. In 1878 a mission was organized to instruct the miners of the Borinage. He joined it. He acquitted himself admirably. During the typhus epidemic, he abandoned the house where he lodged, lived in a hut, cared for the sick, giving them every bit of his clothing.

It was during this sojourn in the Borinage that Van Gogh made his first sketches. They reflected the seriousness of his absorption; they expressed with sombre violence, the immense distress in which he was plunged.

His relations with his family were scarcely more genial than with strangers. Upon his return from the Borinage he could not stand it with his parents. He left them to go to work at The Hague under the painter Mauve. They had a falling out over the interpretation of a plaster model. His father came to get him after he had rashly assumed the responsibility for one of his models and her five children. Then he went to attend the courses at the Academy of the Beaux Arts at Anvers.

There he became enthusiastic over the severity and penumbra of Rembrandt. He added to this influence such a despairing resigned feeling in the interpretation of his characters (whom to make the matter worse he portrayed in black tones) that he seemed destined to be the inflexible painter of human misery, enslaved and oppressed far from any ray of light.



VAN GOGH: ZOUAVE
Painted during Van Gogh's stay in Arles (1888)



We will add that he was a scrupulous draughtsman and that he did not seem to be in the least carried away by an exclusive taste for color.

In 1886 his father died and he went to live with his brother Théodore in Rue Lepic at Paris. He frequented the Cormon Studio. He became intimate with Gauguin and Emile Bernard. He visited père Tanguy, that extraordinary communistic second-hand dealer, whose little shop in Rue Clauzel was the Parisian cradle of Cézanne's work. A very modest, very frugal cradle, père Tanguy being satisfied to class the canvases of Cézanne in two categories, according to their size, those he sold at 100 francs and those he sold at 40 francs. Père Tanguy accepted the first canvases of Van Gogh, signed, then, only with the baptismal name — Vincent. But even if he did sell some of Cézanne's, he never sold a single one of Van Gogh's. At the most it happened that he disposed of them as practise-canvas upon which the purchasers immediately began to daub.

This misfortune, however, mattered very little to the Dutch emigrant who suddenly intoxicated by the savor of impressionism painted volubly at a single sitting everything that caught his eye, a tree, a street corner, shoes placed on a door-sill, ready to offer his canvas immediately to any onlooker who seemed to take an interest in it.

The grey atmosphere of Paris soon ceased to satisfy him. In 1888 he went to Arles. Sequestered in this little city, having, as he describes it, "intercourse only with the sunlight", he experienced a complex and disquieting exaltation with which his abundant correspondence is impregnated. He mingled in his heart the ardent joys, the bestial joys, (that is his expression), which the spectacle and manipulation of color brought to him with the somber reflections, the evangelical aspirations which still fermented within him. His few friends in Arles were unpretentious ones — the postman Roulin, the Zouave Millet of whom he made portraits. He was haunted with the idea of founding an art community. He begged his friend Gauguin who was at Pont-Aven to come and be with him.

Gauguin went to him. They were scarcely reunited before their discussions became acrimonious and their intercourse grew bitter. One Christmas eve in the café Van Gogh threw his glass at Gauguin's head. The next day he pursued him in the street with a razor. The following night, out of remorse, he cut off his own ear and went to offer it wrapped in paper to a girl in a house of ill fame.

That was the end of his sojourn in Arles. Always at odds with himself, distracted by pictural sensualism, filled with fears, regrets, presentiments, and with self torment, he was cared for at St. Remy in 1889, then he retired to Anvers-sur-Oise, where the doctor Gachet, the faithful friend of his last days, did his utmost to calm this tortured nature. The 27th of July, 1890, Van Gogh shot himself in the breast.

What discordance between the development of the life of Van Gogh as soon as he became an impressionist, and that of the other impressionists, gentle and peaceable folk, surrendered to the joy of painting, and getting from it much life wisdom!

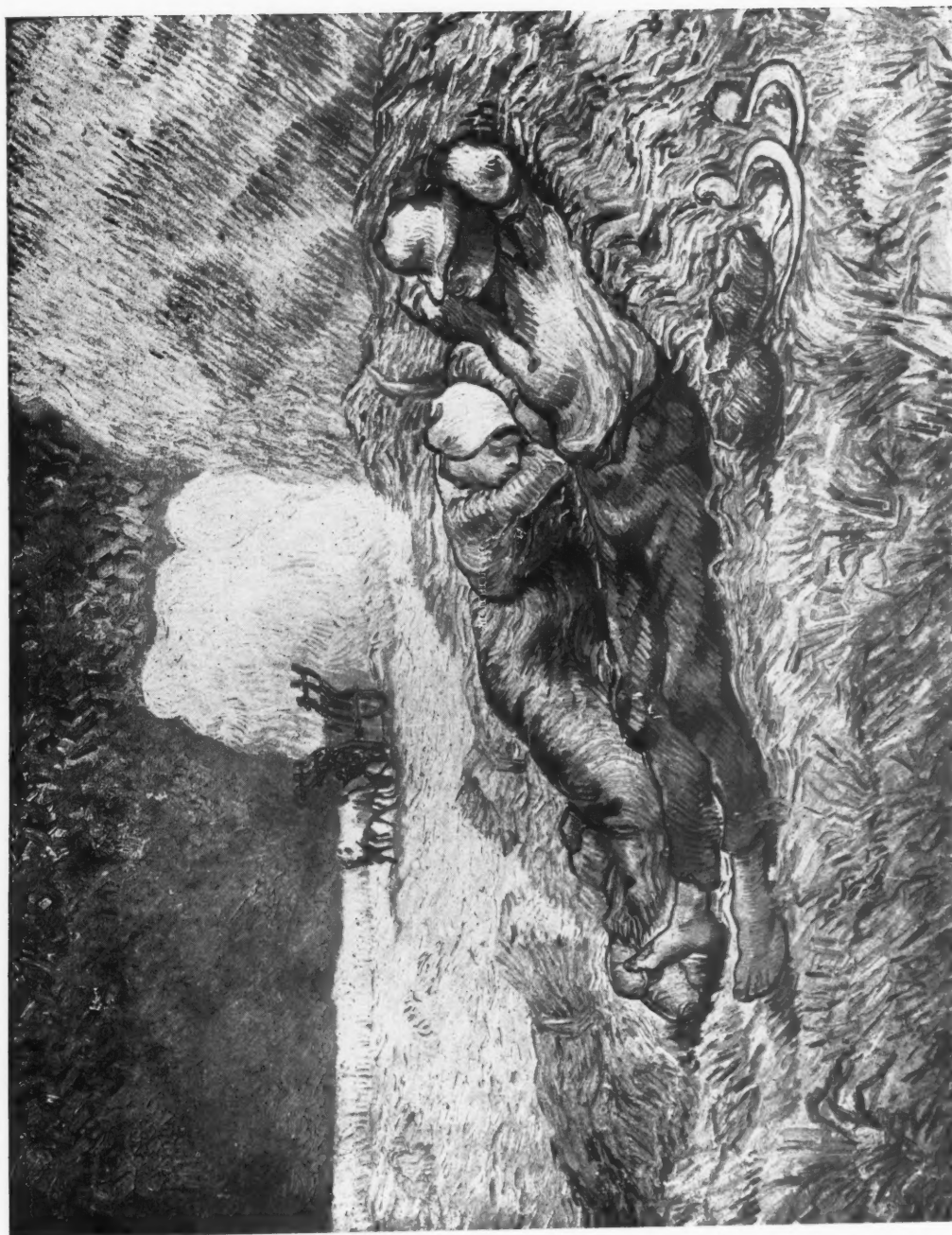
But it was the tormented existence of Van Gogh which made impressionism with him overflow its calm banks, which lead him beyond his goal without betraying it, which made him express unconsciously more than he intended to express, bringing him to the borderland of the schools of today and showing that what they stand for, that is to say interpretation of depth of volume, was initiated not only by Cézanne through the deforming and simplifying boldness of design, but also by a pure impressionist, through the exasperation and inflated paroxysm of color.

Cézanne used to say: "It has been my wish to make impressionism an art of the museums". Vincent Van Gogh for his part might have said: "I have wished to make of impressionism an art of volumes".

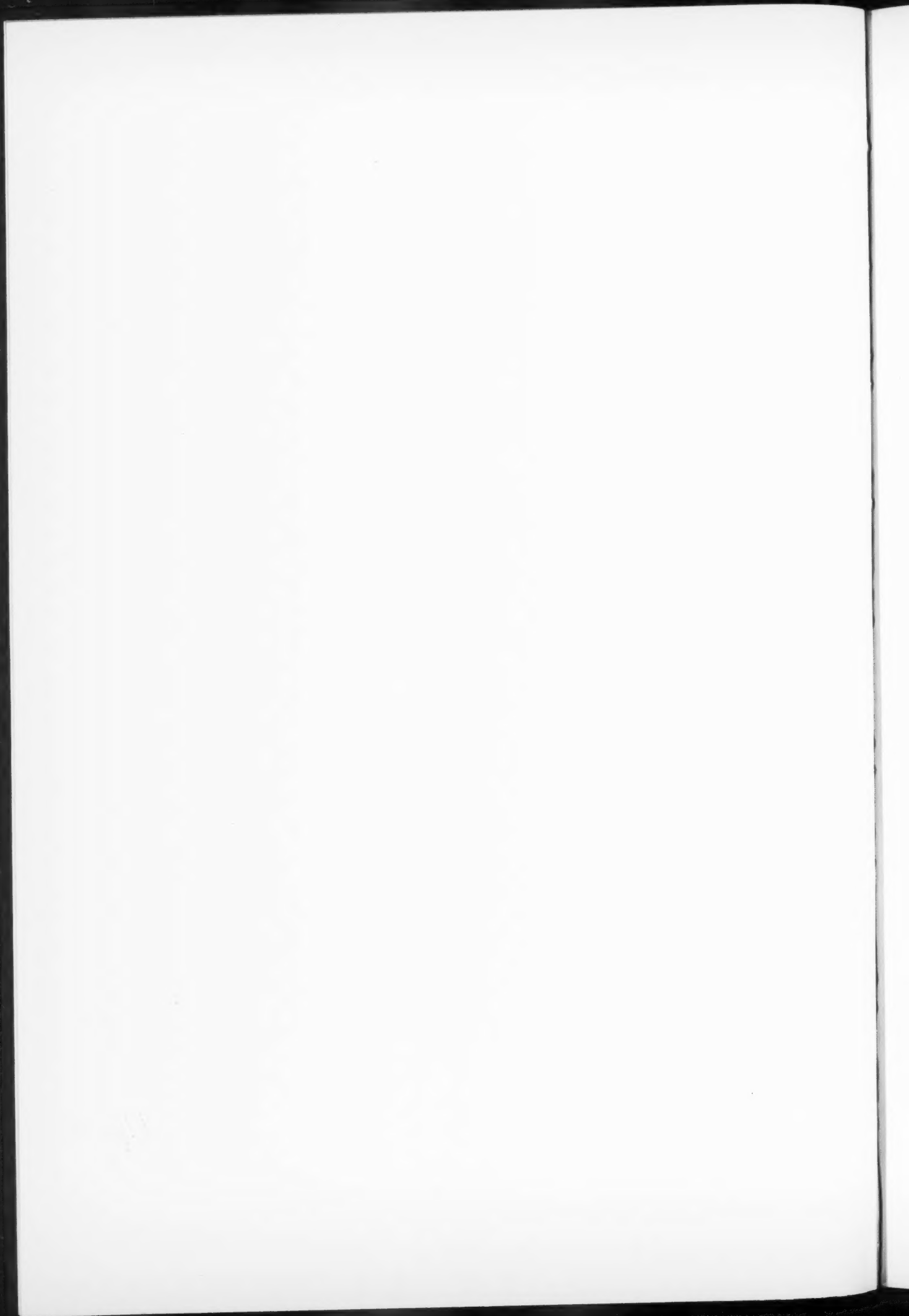
Possessed by a religious fever which devoured him, having a conception of life and of destiny which did not permit him any calm at all, Van Gogh kept in his hand when he painted, no matter how keenly blissful his artist's effusion might be, this fever and alarm. He attacked the appearance of things and of beings with a sort of combative voracity. His brush does not caress; it bites; it digs in. His pencil tears out and cuts open spectacles in great feverish tatters.

It is thus that without preconceived idea, without a well thought of plan, Van Gogh was impelled by the very instinct of his nature to cut up faces, landscapes, the least assemblage of forms into brutal planes. It seems that we see emerge secretly from his canvases so ardently consecrated to the glistening inundation of light, the secret lines, the rigid construction which slumber under the surface and which have since become the one and only object of study with the schools gathered under the name of cubists.

To increase this corrugated dissection which gives at first approach,



VAN COU: REPOSE
Property of Mon. Pacqueman, Paris



to the works of Van Gogh a coarse and primitive aspect, his hand presses heavily upon the pencil. The cutting in, the thick touch, the hurried and abrupt strokes emphasize angles torn out of the depths of things. In short he obtains his luminous flashes, his most dazzling bursts of sunlight by the aid of a thick paste which also seems to have come out of the interior and which gives the impression of a heated substance, of a sort of lava.

All these elements in uniting come to compose a sort of colored enchantment, which is very impressionistic but which encloses besides the splendor of surfaces, the hidden structure of volume.

Observe the self portraits of Van Gogh, that of the man with his ear cut off, especially that of the postman Roulin, of the Zouave Millet, of Mme. Giroux, of the Doctor Gachet; observe the shoes, the flowers and all the still life paintings; remain for a time before the Alysamps, the House of Cran, The Entrance to the Farm, the laborers, the stairway at Anvers, the Garden of Daubigny. . . . You will see emerging from the first pleasure due to impressionistic amazement, an austere and dry geometric phantasmagoria and you will think of the mysterious substructure under the delights upon which your eyes have feasted. Color, merely by inflating and stretching itself, will bring to you a new mode of artistic persuasion, that of dimensions, projections, planes, the majestic arrangement of framework and essential supports.

In his letters Van Gogh, although less clearly than his habitual correspondents Gauguin and Emile Bernard, certainly understood that there was latent in himself a power of auscultation caused by his harsh and meditative turn of mind and advantageous to his art. Never did he establish these obscure ideas in syllogisms or in theses nor did, for that matter, Cézanne. But, thanks to the keenness of his analytical power, he understood that they were there. From this introspection there resulted notions more intuitive than logical, which in the light of the discovery of the art of today, assume a great importance.

"We acted the fool. We cultivated an art of savages" — "Instead of working around the eye, we sought the mysterious centre of things". That is the sort of definition which dropped from their pens. The object of their discussions was the subjective deformation of nature, the reproduction of emotions by the essential forms which are in nature.

It is strange to ascertain that it is in France where Van Gogh worked that they have been least concerned with recognizing the sources

thus brought to light in impressionism by him. Van Gogh has been forsaken like all the impressionists. Meanwhile, in other countries, especially in Germany, the young artists have greatly valued his example and his testimony, and have seen in his "syntheticism" a sign of progress which they have not at all disdained.

Indeed, the work of Van Gogh ought to serve as counter-proof to that of Cézanne, with which its affinities are certain. But in that case it can no longer be denied that impressionism has found in itself the means of connecting itself with the modern schools and of justifying itself in their eyes, and if Dégas effected the transition of impressionism from what was before it, Van Gogh prepared it for what was to follow it.

Henri Herz

MATHER BROWN

HIS early achievements, represented in this country by several notable canvases, should entitle Mather Brown to a secure place among artists of the American Hall of Fame. Few portraits have been made by an American which show more of mental promise and mature artistry than Brown's likenesses of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Bulfinch and of himself. The reputation, nevertheless, which Mather Brown attained in England, where most of his life was passed, was so slight, in consequence of the unpopularity, it must be believed, of his later work, that in the standard biographical dictionaries and histories of art he is accorded slight mention. His art has been characterized as "almost imbecile." British and American writers have given currency to an impression that he was an eccentric, irresponsible and presumably dissipated person who painted badly and lived meanly.

A different idea of Mather Brown's personality and career from that purveyed by the reference books is gained as one consults his correspondence. The letters which he wrote intermittently during half a century to his aunts, the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Byles of Boston, and their letters written to him and about him, have been preserved in a private collection at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and lately have been made available to the public through a volume of typewritten transcripts ac-

quired by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Perusal of these letters, which still await publication, reveals the tragedy of a very talented painter who in youth achieved considerable success and who in middle life and old age fell upon times hard for all artists and especially so for those whose manner of work had ceased to be fashionable. Through the courtesy of the Massachusetts Historical Society, illustrative excerpts may now be made for the first time from the Mather Brown correspondence.

Mather Brown was born at Boston, October 7, 1761. His father, Gawen Brown, an Englishman by birth, a clockmaker by occupation, married for his second wife Elizabeth Byles, daughter of Rev. Mather Byles, the "punning parson" who took his Christian name from his celebrated grandfather, Rev. Cotton Mather. The young mother died June 6, 1763, and as Gawen Brown soon married for a third time, the boy Mather was brought up by his aunts with whom he remained in affectionate communication throughout his life.

To Miss Mary Byles, Mather Brown seems to have owed his first lessons in drawing and painting. Whether he had any other American instruction in art is doubtful. Somehow, while still in his teens, he had acquired sufficient proficiency to paint miniatures professionally. In a reminiscent letter of July 8, 1811, he says: "You mention Peekskill, to which place I walked 200 miles there and 200 back, in search of business, a tedious walk with Knapsack on my Back & a despairing Heart, and stopped at New London where I painted several miniatures." Other details of the circumstances of this hike of a sixteen year old artist are contained in a very boyish letter written at Peekskill, October 3, 1777, and preserved, the oldest of the documents in the collection.

The next letter, in point of date, is one from Cape François, of June 19, 1780, which throws light on a youthful painter's motives and the circumstances which enabled him to go abroad for study with Benjamin West. After a flowery introduction, which need not be quoted, he says: "I do not intend to stay long in this place, shall off to Europe in a few months or before my Health fails, which I see no likelihood of, as my Appetite is better than ever, a good Sign. But I shall stay here till I hear from you, and have one particular Favor to beg of you which is to write me a letter of Recommendation to Mr. Copley, as I am determined to go to London. this is not a wild Scheme, as I have *hard Johannas* enough to support me there 3 years, and I will not

come back to go into the American Army or starve at Boston. I humbly beg you will look upon this request in a serious light, and not only give me a Letter to him but any other Friends there." That Brown had earned in New England the money for his study in England is also clear from such statements as this in an 1811 letter: "I have always known the value of a guinea by working so hard for it from early life, and now nearly half a century has rolled away, in which I have supported myself by my industry."

"I will let them see if an obscure Yankey Boy Cannot shine as great as any of them," wrote Mather Brown from London in July, 1784. "My ambition shall prove my Alliance with Apollo, and will produce a new Phenomenon, to make the rays of Phiebus (sic) shine and rise for the western Hemisphere." Such grandiloquence was expressive of the spirit with which a raw, uneducated youth from New England by sheer ability rose quickly to eminence among British artists. After a brief stay in Paris where he had a letter to Franklin, he had in 1781 become a pupil of West for whom he thereafter had a lifelong admiration amounting, as an obituary notice stated, "to idolatry." In 1782, being then 21 years old, he showed his "Portrait of a Gentleman" at the Royal Academy. Thenceforward for 49 years he was nearly always represented at the annual exhibition, the catalogues of which give titles of 80 of his exhibited pictures.

A principal cause of the gradual disillusionment of an ambitious young American in the London of Gainsborough and Hoppner, of West and Copley, appears in a letter of September 16, 1784, in which he describes the swell establishment, at 20, Cavendish Square, which he had taken over and which proved his undoing. He wrote:

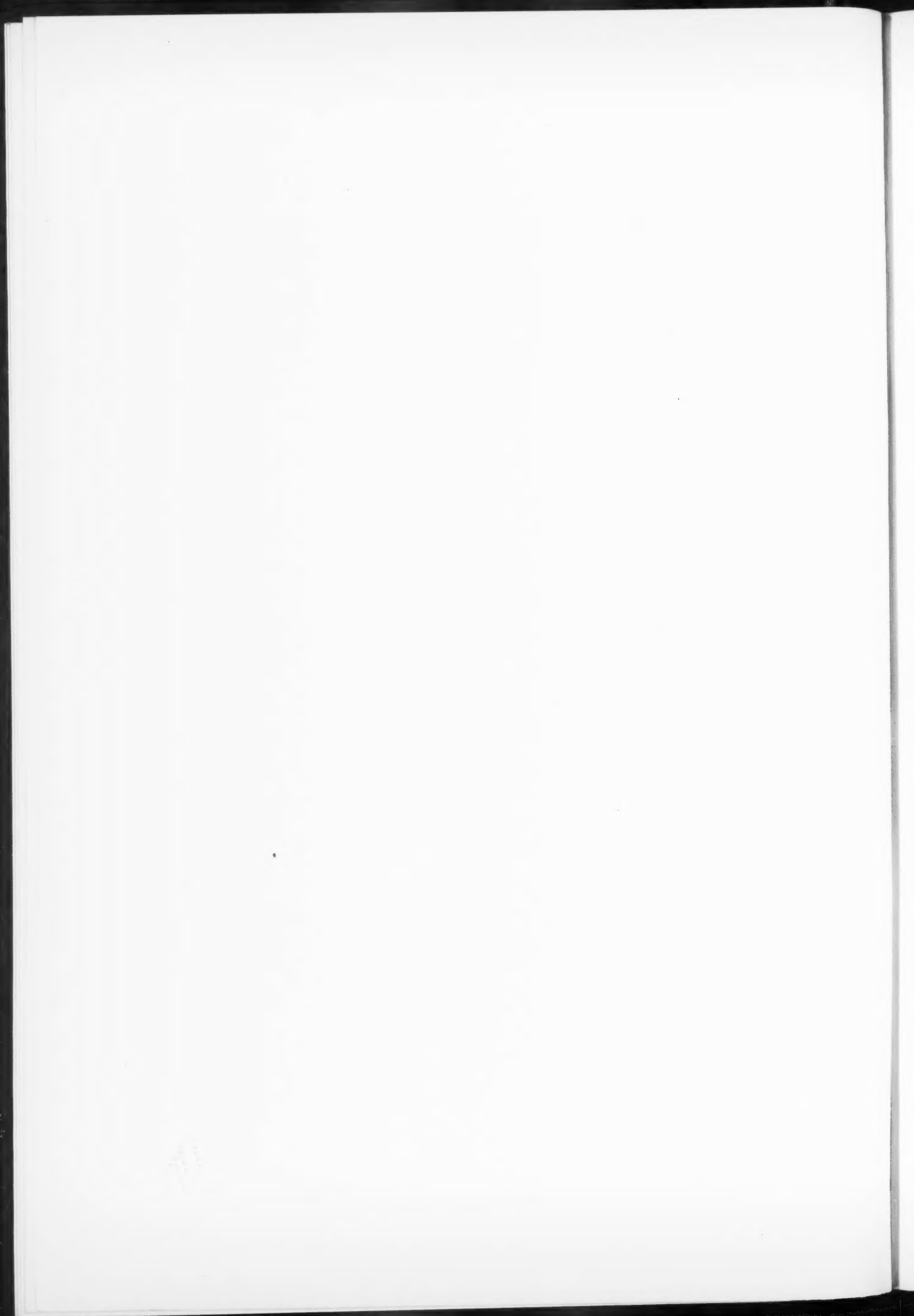
"I have just removed into a very elegant House, where I have genteel Apartments for my Pictures, and cut a respectable Appearance which is of great Consequence for one of my Profession, my Rent is 25 guineas pr. Ann. and I have laid out this Week as much more for furniture, my Name is elegantly engraved on a Brass Plate on the Door, and I board myself with the help of a Lodger in the House as cheap as I can—I am just entering the World, and have all the good Wishes of my Friends, and hope to get Business . . . my great object is to get my Name established and to get Commissions from America, to paint their Friends and Relations here. I must beg your Assistance in Recommending, speaking of my Pictures, where you visit and obtaining me Business."



MATHER BROWN: SELF PORTRAIT



MATHER BROWN: PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADAMS



The burden of maintaining this residence to which the artist committed himself under a long lease was almost intolerable.

By 1800 Mather Brown, still painting many portraits and historical pieces, was tired and harassed. He refers in a letter of November 29, 1801, to his father's death and the fact that, through his being supposed to be in comfortable circumstances, he was disinherited:

"You likewise mention," he writes "that you understand all his (Gawen Brown's) property is left to the Daughters to my exclusion, a Circumstance which affords me the deepest regret, at a time when my situation is extremely distressing and embarrassing owing to my failure in business and the distresses brought on by the War . . . I have attempted in vain to get into some other line of Business as my Eyes were so very painful to me—and I am loathe to go to any other Country, lest I should be ruined. In this Situation my Father and my Relations should have some feeling and compassion on me." From his father's estate Brown received no share, though one of his half sisters appears later to have rendered him some financial assistance.

The incubus of the house in Cavendish Square was finally lifted when Mather Brown was nearly 50 years old. He wrote from Liverpool, June 10, 1810, that he had given up the place after many years "during which time I lived in the house, and was able when I left it to pay all my debts, and everyone 20 shillings in the pound, altho attended with some temporary embarrassments while I was there, even so much as to injure my health . . . I never kept any company, or allowed myself any amusement that was attended with expense. By these means I painted a multitude of pictures, but am sorry to say that numbers remain unsold, for which I hire a room in London to show them in—from London I went to teach a School in Buckinghamshire—from thence I went to Bath and Bristol and followed portrait painting, from thence to Staffordshire (where I saw the famous Potteries) and from that to this place, of Liverpool, which is in Lancashire—I have been painting some pictures of a Family in the next County of Cheshire on the other side of the River Mersey. If I can get business I shall stop here some time and shall often write you, as I am more in way of vessels sailing—my labour has brought on nervous disorders for which I am trying sea-bathing at this place."

Thenceforth for thirteen years, Mather Brown's letters were dated from Liverpool, Manchester and elsewhere in Lancashire. They are generally despondent. They show that he had a few pupils from time

to time. He tried, without success, to win an appointment as drawing teacher at the military college, High Wycombe. He acknowledges gratefully a small loan from his aunts (who were certainly not in circumstances to help him) and adds: "I have recd but one other instance of kindness, that was from my old female Servant who lived with me about 17 years (Mrs. Eliza Ross), who says in her last letter 'I send you Sir a Watch as a Testimony of my respect, and as you are out of employment in Liverpool, I will also send you three or four pounds which I have by me, if you will write me for it'"—this is a proof that I was a kind master to her."

"I sometimes sit down in despair," wrote the painter in another characteristic passage, "and scarcely know where to go next. some persons think I had better go to New York—but I wish I could be settled somewhere, as I have long since passed the meridian of life and age is creeping upon me. I have nothing to reproach myself respecting my past years. I have always worked 12 hours in Winter and 15 hours a day in the Summer. my time has never been wasted in the dissipation of a Tavern or the Criminality of a Brothel."

The assiduity with which Mather Brown continued to paint historical pictures long after their vogue had passed was worthy a better genre. His letters between 1810 and his death are filled with references to his latest undertakings. In March, 1824, he returned to London where he hired a room at the residence of Thomas Hofland, a landscape painter, and where he remained until the end. He was never in actual want, for he had converted his resources into a government annuity that took care of very modest wants. In the last letter which he wrote to his aunts, both of whom outlived him by a short time, he told of professional successes which gave him pleasure even if they did not add to his income. "I have recently completed," he says, "an historical painting twelve feet in height, representing the Resurrection of Our Blessed Saviour, with many figures, which was placed in a centre situation in the Institution, Pall-Mall, and I likewise painted another of the Holy Family of the same size which was in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House. These pictures escaped censure and were approved by the public, but I am sorry to say that they afforded me empty praise, for they remain in my Room unsold . . . I am now Artist to His Majesty William the 4th and have my name announced in the year's catalogue."

About Christmas, 1830, Mather Brown fell in a fit of apoplexy or

heart weakness while viewing some pictures at the British Gallery. He was taken to his room and, though he temporarily recovered, it was clear to Mr. and Mrs. Hofland, who were fond of him, that the end was near. He had recurrences of the attack and, on May 25, 1831, he passed with severe death struggles. Most of his estate, which proved to be of very little value, consisting chiefly of unsold pictures, was left to the Misses Byles, the only American relatives with whom he corresponded.

Several letters written by the Hoflands to the aunts in Boston, give in minutest detail the facts concerning Mather Brown's mode of living in his last years. They would, if published, contradict the impression of his being a crabbed eccentric. They depict a gentle and somewhat melancholy old man who liked to talk politics, in which he took a live interest, who regularly attended Church of England services and whose workdays were passed in messing over the historical canvases which he still believed to be the highest form of art. Of the quality of this later work his landlord, who was himself a painter of standing, wrote to the Misses Byles: "Many of his pictures are admirable and all of them give proof of great ability, but like those of Mr. West it may be said that they are not in fashion. There has been a hue and cry raised against their stiles which are much alike, and at present they are little thought of and will sell for a trifle, but time's sure to come when their merits will be known and appreciated. Such is the opinion of several of the first artists and particularly the late Sir Thomas Lawrence."

Nearly a century has passed since Mather Brown's death and this prediction of Thomas Hofland that his pictures would again be in esteem has only begun to be realized. Recognition of his merit as a painter has thus far found expression principally in this country. In Great Britain Brown is represented, to be sure, by three capital works in the National Portrait Gallery: his "Sir Thomas Buller, Bart.," "John Howard, F. R. S.," and "Sir Home Riggs Popham, K. B." His pictures, however, though many of them must still be owned in England, rarely come to the London art marts, nor do they then fetch impressive prices.

While relatively few works by Mather Brown are owned in America these through their competent execution and charm of facture pique the interest of critics and collectors. His most familiar portraits are those of Presidents Adams and Jefferson, each commissioned from

him by the other, the former work now at the Boston Athenæum, the latter owned by a descendant of John Adams. Portraits of Charles Bulfinch, architect, and Joseph Woodward, merchant, have lately been exhibited in Boston. At Brookline is owned a very fine self-portrait, painted for the aunts in Boston and personally taken, as shown in one of the letters, to a ship captain at Liverpool to be sure of its delivery. A likeness of Thomas Paine, which was in the Boston Athenæum's exhibition of 1828, may still be in existence though its whereabouts is unknown. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in which the early Americans are copiously represented, has no work by this painter, a scion of some of the most famous of New England families.

T. W. Loomis

LEONARDO BISTOLFI

THE last half century of Italian sculpture is an exposition of the neo-classic. It has its basis in Graeco-Roman work of the later period, but it is reinforced with some of the spirit of the Renaissance. It has very largely resolved itself into an art of the monument; if it had remained merely ideal and unapplied it would have expired. The dead hand of Canova was upon it, but a new breath of life revived it and it survived to decorate tombs and to form a new Campo-Santo for Italy. The *Arte Funeraria Italiana* is a living art, but that is not to say that the whole of Italian sculpture is devoted to it: there is still an ideal sculpture in the land of Canova; there is a living art of sculptured portraiture; there is still a notable appetite for decoration in the cradle of the Renaissance.

There is, however, another aspect of the sculpture of the half century; that of the revolt led by Medardo Rosso and followed, tardily it is true, by the younger men of today, although in a different direction from that indicated by Rosso who has lived to see his theories only partly adopted, but adapted to the realism which was Rodin's. There is an element of wistfulness about this, for it was Rosso who led Rodin to inaugurate his system of plastic impressionism, and the great French master drained what he could of the theory and inducted it into his

own practice. The young men of today have followed Rodin rather than Rosso, but in Italy they are comparatively few. Although the few are good and strong in themselves; fine artists who think as well as model and carve, they have at present made little impression on the prevailing mode. It is Rosso's fate to have been the harbinger; the prophet, but his preaching prevailed, while his work failed to convince by reason of its inadequate quantity and by its inherent qualities. Rosso never produced enough to convince people by it of the truth of his practice although he made them think by the iterated expression of his theories.

It is not, however, in Rosso's work nor in that of his followers; neither is it in the work of the realists; nor in that of the exponents of the neo-gothic spirit that typical modern Italian sculpture is to be classed, but rather in the successful maintenance of the real traditional Italian feeling for grace and suavity, lost in the Middle-Ages, recovered in the Renaissance and persisting today, largely uninfluenced by the strong modern currents of realism and naturalism, but yielding to them in certain notable cases.

The several distinguishing virtues and vices of Italian sculpture during the half century are summed up in the most notable and extensive sculptural monument of modern times in Europe, the Memorial to Victor Emanuel II at Rome. This great work is an epitome of the epoch: it has a major premiss of classicism, of course, but with some slight arguments for romanticism and realism. It is not a magnificent whole, but most of its parts are splendid, for indeed its parts are the representative works of the most noted of the older sculptors of the time.

Eugenio Maccagnani did the fourteen mediæval-looking figures supporting the round base on which the equestrian statue of Victor Emanuel is placed, as well as the realistic trophy of arms and machinery which decorates the square socle on which the base stands. Adolfo Apolloni did the beautifully poised figure of Victory; Ercole Drei, one of the younger men, did the symbolical statue of Insurrection; another Victory figure, on the left hand of the steps of the memorial, is by Edoardo Rubino, also a youngish man; the wonderful Relief of a Triumphal Procession, at once Greek and Renaissance in presentation, but more Greek than any other detail of the Memorial, is by Angelo Zanelli, while the ornate group called The Victim is by Leonardo Bistolfi. There are other details by other sculptors on this astonishing

memorial, but none of them surpasses *The Victim* or *The Sacrifice* as it is variously named.

The Victim is an allegory of sculpture by a sculptor who occupies a foremost place in Italy in the group of famous men I have just mentioned, and this work and his other works are typical of the whole nineteenth-twentieth century school which is sentimental, anecdotic, allegorical, symbolical, true to nature, decorative, elegant and most accomplished in technique.

It is fitting that Leonardo Bistolfi should represent his own art in this fashion on a national Italian Memorial: *The Sacrifice* is the sacrifice of the artist for his work, the ultimate sacrifice—death—if needs be. The story of its exposition is a variation of the old theme of *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*.

The artist lives only for his work and is prepared to die for it. *Pygmalion* carves his statue and brings it to life with the passionate heat of his love for it. Bistolfi's young sculptor, hammer in hand, held in his last moment of the agony of the passage from life to death, involved in an ecstasy of creation, by man and woman typified, falls backwards as he delivers the breath of life from his own lips to those of his statue. She, vivified, created alive, bends over him and her lips are on his as he passes from the world of aspiration to the nirvana of accomplishment, no longer constrained to think, but only to feel the flood of satisfied ambition which has made him immortal, in that he has created, not only a living thing, but an immortal one.

The group says all this and much more, and its accomplishment is worthy of its meaning. The close-knit design of it is perfect; its mass of broken line is of extreme interest; the contrasts of the modelling to be found in the four separate figures are full of subtlety; there are delicate nuances of form, and perfect knowledge is displayed in every intricacy of construction.

Another allegory of Bistolfi's is the *Mountain Peak*, or the *Spirit of the Mountain*, which forms the memorial to Giovanni Segantini at St. Moritz in Switzerland, erected in 1906. The subject is an ideal one, but the treatment is as naturalistic as anything that Bistolfi has attempted. The figure has the appearance of a statue and yet it is in reality a high-relief, carved against, or emerging from, the matrix of the stone. The sculptor in this, like a number of others, follows Rodin, but in his case, this matrix is distinctly an essential of the whole design of the allegory. The figure has risen to the height, there is no more up-



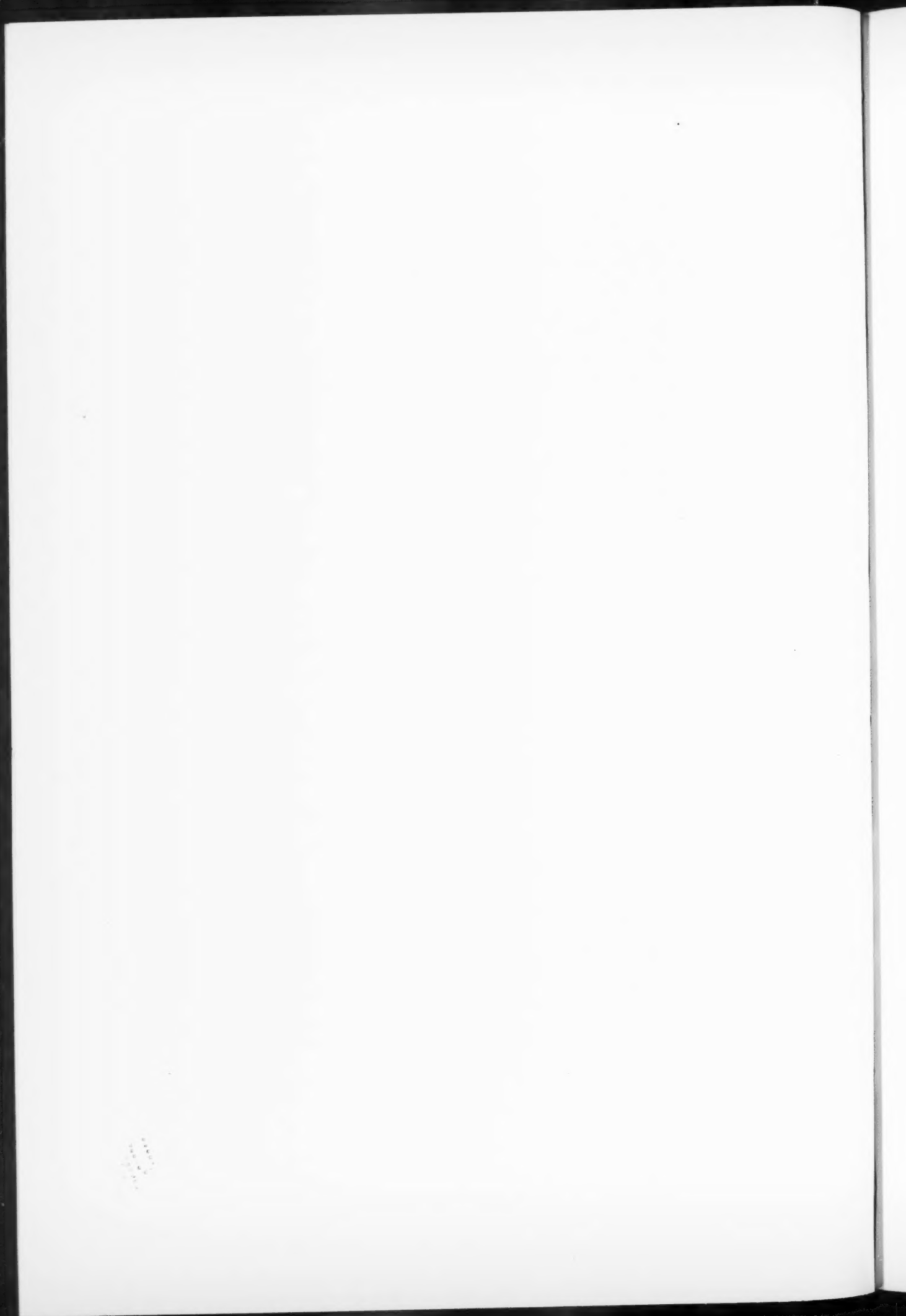
LEONARDO BISTOLFI: THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN
Segantini Monument, St. Moritz

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LEONARDO BISTOLFI: THE ROSAZZA MEMORIAL



ward flight possible; it is a delicate plastic compliment to the great painter it memorializes. In effect this work is a beautiful study, rare in Bistolfi's work, of the complete nude, and it is a justification of the principle that ideal grace is best represented in static subjects.

As if, however, to modify this, there is Bistolfi's *Awakening of Liberty*, a most graceful figure with flowing drapery, in the action of recovery from sleep. This forms the monument to Cavour at Bergamo and is a work dating as late as 1914. The action here is certainly very gentle, and the whole conception too pretty for the really grim character of its subject, but the grace of it cannot be denied. Bistolfi prefers the beauty of Death to its horror, which he never depicts.

On the same lines is the frieze of dancing women and children forming the main feature of the Rosazza tomb of 1910, in which the sculptor's style is seen developed to a much higher degree of beauty than in his important sepulchral monument of Urbano Rattazzi of 1887, or that of 1895 at Borgo S. Dalmazzo in Piedmont, *The Beauty of Death*. Drapery is treated with a lavishness greater than the Greeks' in the very fine Abegg tomb in the cemetery at Zurich, and the figure of Death so draped is full of massive dignity, contrasting with the figure of Life, a half-nude woman in a beautiful deploring attitude of grief.

At Turin, in the cemetery of the Madonna of the Campagna, there is a different class of memorial; one in low relief containing a large number of girlish figures in various attitudes representing the different emotions of Grief and the Comfort of Memories of the Past, grouped with a figure of Sorrow in ample drapery. It is very simply designed and worked and in strong contrast to the three highly ornate and pretty winged figures of the Holocaust, of the Crovetto memorial in the burial ground of Montevideo at Uruguay.

The memorial to Senator Orsini, *The Cross*, a large monument at Genoa of 1905, exhibits the most realistic aspect of Bistolfi's later method and is less affected with the floral ornament he loves to lavish on some of his pieces. It is stronger in its figure-work although the women and children are still very good looking. The men are more manly, however, and the whole group of about a dozen figures produces a not entirely sentimental effect, its subject being the judgment of the human race, depicted in the figures of the group.

The use of flowers and plants is carried to excess by the sculptor in several of his works, but particularly in the Sebastiano Grandis Tomb at Dalmazzo, *The Beauty of Death*, in which, however, there is the jus-

tification of the subject, for the graceful female figure bending over the prone effigy within the tomb is inhaling the sweetness of flowers, an allegory of the pleasures of life. In *The Sphinx*, however, there is less need, and this monument in the cemetery at Cuneo, would have been more impressive if severer accessories had been employed.

Realism, so far as Bostolli relies on it, is to be found in his naïve statue of the Piedmontese poet, Vittorio Bersegio, at Peveragno, a delightful work with an engaging simplicity of treatment. His Garibaldi statue too is simply done, and has great dignity; the subject is draped in his cloak and leaning against a plain rectangular mass of stone which surmounts a base, around which are bronze bas-reliefs of symbolical intention, the whole supported on steps. This memorial was instituted at Sauvinio in 1908, and a similar work destined for Bologna has been in hand during the last year or so, the monument to the popular poet Giosue Carducci.

Leonardo Bistolfi was born in 1859 at Casalmongera in Piedmont and studied art at the Academia de Brera at Milan under Argenti from 1876 to 1879. He went later to Turin and studied with Tacchini there, and to that city he has been faithful since, his works being produced there; being exhibited there, as well as in Venice and other cities of Italy, later finding their way to South America. The province of Piedmont is happy in having given him birth, as also the sculptors, Edoardo Rubino and Pietro Canonica, both some ten years his junior, and both natives of Turin. They are three very distinguished artists and have the distinction collectively of having successfully resisted the inroads of the revolutionary teachings which have emanated from Milan where futurism abounds. It is the very fact that the traditional artists are so fine and good, (not only those of Piedmont, but those of the other Italian provinces) that accounts for the little inroad that has been made into the art of sculpture as there established.

Kington Parker.



ALFEO FAGGI: DANTE
Property of Mr. Frederico Stallforth, New York

THE DANTE OF ALFEO FAGGI

Translation by Ernest H. Wilkins

ART fashions change from age to age, as emphasis turns from one transient enthusiasm to another, but there endure forever two fundamental tendencies: the Gothic and the Greek.

Once only—in the early days of the Renaissance—have the two tendencies really fused in a tempered harmony.

The Gothic is the Religious, in the broadest and deepest sense of the word, whether it be the Christian, as in Europe and America, or the Buddhist, as in the East.

Alfeo Faggi is purely Gothic. He is Gothic in the original and essential quality of his spirit, and not, as certain other artists are, through external and snobbish attitude, through cultural affectation. He is Gothic even when he treats subjects which are specifically modern.

Since his spirit is fundamentally religious, his art is of necessity before all else a symbol of spiritual truth. The essence of his style is an aesthetic mysticism wherein the material actuality is purified and sublimated until it becomes sheer expression. And his primitivism is to be considered not as *naïveté* but as a conscious transcending of objective form.

For all these reasons I consider that at the present moment Faggi is the one Italian sculptor, perhaps even the one sculptor in the world, who is spiritually qualified to conceive and to express the image of the greatest poet of Christianity. Not the ephemeral image of the historic Dante; not the conventional image of the disdainful and wrathful poet-citizen, pretext for the banal rhetoric of modern Guelphs and Ghibellines; but the hieratic image of the divine poet, of his spirit incarnate, immanent, and vital through the centuries.

Faggi's Dante is supremely Gothic. It is the essence of the medieval soul, nourished on mysticism and scholasticism. It is the transhumanized poet who from the vice and wickedness of this low earth, guided by wisdom and by love, has risen through abstinence, through purification, and through sacrifice unto the broad heights of the Empyrean, unto the presence of the Eternal Light, unto the face of God. In the scale of earthly hierarchies he stands close to Gautama Buddha, while below him there remain the restless souls of poets unable to receive the grace of the Holy Spirit: Dostoievsky, Shakespeare, Poe, Leopardi . . .

Faggi's rendering of this impression is loyal and keenly expressive.

The broad shoulders and the massive chest seem to signify the sheer human strength whereby the poet was able to endure the heavy burden of earthly woe and to lift it upward, even unto Heaven. The long experience of bitterness has traced deep furrows in the stern countenance, and the mouth seems still to taste the gall which men are wont to give for drink to saints and heroes. But the eyes, penetrant, with lowered lids, express that same ascent of the spirit from the immensity of grief to the joy of Christian fulfilment which Leonardo expressed in the Christ of the Last Supper.

Faggi's Dante sits motionless, his hands relaxed upon his knees, revealing in his attitude that more than human peace, that saintly contentment which springs from the harmony of mind and soul. He rests, established firmly on the substance of eternal truth, hearing about him the music of the celestial spheres.

The plastic technique of Faggi is perfectly appropriate to the image of this transhumanized Dante, and expresses it exactly and with clear consciousness of purpose.

Every line in the statue answers to some element in the sublime geometry of the sacred poem. The three parallel folds in the tunic typify the triune perfection which dominates and governs Dante's world. The rhythmic curves of the broad sleeves suggest the unfolding of the mystic circles of Paradise; and every form, in body and in countenance, is so synthetically designed as to transcend the casual and the transitory.

Faggi's spiritual portrait of the poet of the Divine Comedy stands in exact antithesis to the fantastic portrait of the poet of the *Comédie Humaine* modeled by Rodin. The one is the precise and static image of mystic serenity, of philosophic certitude; the other, the vague and restless phantom of storm-tossed humanity. And in each case the sculptor's style corresponds perfectly to the inner nature of the image that he seeks to body forth.

In this Dante, the Florentine sculptor whose absence from his native Italy enables him to live rather in the eternal essence of the Italian soul than in the passing mood of the Italy of today, draws nearer than ever to the hieratic conception of art, the conception held by the artists of ancient Egypt, of China, and of India, and by the great artist of Europe as well—in the ages in which life was lived according to the spirit and not according to the flesh.

Mario Sinti

